

The Saturday Review

No. 2068, Vol. 79.

15 June, 1895.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS.

CHRONICLE	777	Dies Dominæ.—V. The Sisterhood of Woman: By A Woman of the Day	785	"We do all Pray for Mercy": By A Constant Reader	792
LEADING ARTICLES:		MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		REVIEWS:	
The True Irish Difficulty	779	Mr. Cowen's New Opera: By J. F. R.	786	John Russell Colvin	792
The Miners' Right	780	Duse and Bernhardt: By G. B. S.	787	Lion Hunting in Somaliland	793
French Taxation: The New Theory of Harmful Consumption	781	Life Insurance as an Investment.—X.	789	A New Edition of Shakespeare	794
SPECIAL ARTICLES:		Money Matters: New Issues	790	The Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment	795
North's "Plutarch" and Mr. George Wyndham, M.P.	781	Correspondence:		The Critic's Progress	796
The Lesson of Democracy: By Arthur A. Baumann	783	The Cost of the Millionaire: By Wm. Muir	792	Fiction	797
Mr. Quilter's Gospel: By Marriott Watson	784	The Poet as Theologian: By Coventry Patmore	792	New Books and Reprints	797
				Some Religious Books	799
				Reviews and Magazines	799
				ADVERTISEMENTS	800-808

CHRONICLE.

ON Tuesday the *Daily Chronicle* discovered a fact to which the *Saturday Review* had drawn attention in its issue of 25 May. Three weeks ago we noticed that Sir William Harcourt, in answer to a question of Mr. Bartley, stated that the second reading of the Local Veto Bill would "certainly be taken." "The solemn tone and definite assurance," we added, "were alike significant." On Monday last, the question was repeated, and again the Chancellor replied in his most serious, not to say pompous manner, that the Bill would certainly be pushed forward. Hereupon the *Daily Chronicle* indites a leading article on the subject. But why should the *Chronicle* not have handled it three weeks ago?

The Local Veto Bill stands better than it did. A fortnight ago rumour said that it would only pass the second reading by the Speaker's casting vote; now Ministers are able to reckon on their normal majority. Mr. T. W. Russell was supposed to be going to vote against the measure, on the ground that it would be carried by the votes of Irish members who had stipulated that Ireland should not be included in the Bill. But now it is understood that Mr. Russell will vote for the Bill, in spite of this valid objection. Mr. Harry Lawson, too, who, it was thought, would abstain from voting, has now declared his intention of supporting the Government. These changes are equivalent to three votes on a division, so that the second reading will probably be carried by four or five, or perhaps even six, votes in a full House.

The Local Veto Bill combines, as we have recently shown, the greatest injustice to the publican with the least amount of good to the community. We have long held the belief that the best way of dealing with this question would be for the State to take over the monopoly of the traffic, buying out the present holders with terminable annuities. In this way public opinion could be exercised immediately upon the trade with the minimum of injury to private persons. The trade is of so exceptional a nature that it might well be treated exceptionally. In another column we draw attention to the fact that the French Government is considering some such scheme as a new source of revenue.

On Tuesday the *Times* committed itself to a mistake. It announced in a leading article, and also in its well informed Parliamentary notes, that the Government had determined to dissolve as soon as the votes in Supply had been taken. This is not true. The Government has not as yet come to any decision on the matter. The party in the Cabinet that wants to dissolve argues that the bye-elections are going so badly that if the Government does not dissolve the Conservatives will be able to

carry a Vote of Censure in November, and that it is better to leave the stage with dignity than to be forced off it.

On the other hand, the dominant party in the Cabinet still maintains that it is best to carry on as long as possible, for there is just a chance that the Government will be able to survive till next year brings with it the new register. Besides, they say, having held out so long it would be a sign of weakness to dissolve now. This means practically that the Government is willing to depend upon the accident of death. As there is to be an Autumn Session, if two or three of their supporters die in the next five or six months they will almost certainly incur a humiliating defeat.

It is not to be doubted that had Lord Randolph Churchill been leading the Conservatives in such fighting form as he showed in 1885-6 the Government would long ago have found itself in a minority. He knew the leading spirits of the Gladstonians as well as he knew the Conservatives; therefore his attacks were terribly damaging. For example, when he brought about the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Government on the Budget of 1885, he had good reason to believe that the Prime Minister had lost all control over his ablest followers. "His pockets are stuffed full of resignations," was Lord Randolph's phrase a fortnight before the event; "he can't go far."

Mr. Arthur Balfour is of milder mood, and his more generous policy will probably turn out in this instance to be as effective, though it certainly is not so inspiring. The sight of the Government clinging impotently to office is calculated to disgust even their own followers, and every new Bill they bring in seems to add to their unpopularity. Accordingly, by allowing them to drag on a dishonoured existence, Mr. Balfour is, very likely, increasing his majority. But Lord Randolph was always conscious of the fact that some slight transitory cause might turn the five per cent of voters that give a majority to one side or the other, and he would never risk waiting when occasion seemed to him ripe.

The House of Commons has been seen at its worst this week. Sir Richard Webster brought in a Bill on the insurance of children, which contained certain drastic provisions, destined to protect the little ones from the cruelty of unnatural parents. The Bill, emanating from the Conservative Front Bench, was supposed to be harmless, and so passed its second reading almost without comment. But of a sudden the insurance companies woke up to the fact that the restrictions of the Bill would not only effect the purpose of its framer, but also tend to diminish their business. The insurance agents throughout the country are the most active of business men. With one accord they wrote to the members of Parliament in their respective

districts, and brought such pressure to bear that Sir Richard Webster saw nothing for it but to withdraw his Bill. It would find scant support on either side of the House. Now that a General Election is supposed to be imminent, no candidate wishes to alienate an energetic body of voters.

The dismissal of Djavad Pasha and the appointment of Said Pasha as Grand Vizier seem to indicate a desire on the part of the Sultan to meet the wishes of the three Powers. It is not, of course, certain that the question is nearer solution, for Said Pasha was Minister of Foreign Affairs. Yet the disgrace of Djavad has obviously some meaning, and can only be read in connection with the Armenian trouble. Meanwhile, the curious attitude of Austria gives point to our question last week as to who was supporting Turkey. The Viennese papers express themselves very strongly upon the remarkable action of England. Hungary, particularly, is much grieved. It seems that since we have sacrificed a hundred thousand men and a hundred million sterling in defence of Turkey, we ought to go on helping her for ever. Naturally Austria, with her eager interest in Bosnia and Herzegovina, cannot bear to see us "the oppressor and torturer of Turkey." There is only too much reason to believe that the journalistic comments on English action have their inspiration in official circles. Austria bears ill-will to the new alliance; of that there is no manner of doubt. Whether she is actively supporting the Porte in private is a question not so easily answered. But we may be allowed our suspicions.

It has not apparently struck the critics of the proposed loan to be raised by Russia in the interests of China that if the Tsar's Government succeeds in borrowing the £16,000,000 in Paris at 4 per cent, and passes it on to Peking at 5 per cent, she will, by pocketing 1 per cent for her trouble, secure £160,000 a year. If, in addition, a slice of Manchuria were thrown in by the grateful Chinese, Russia would have done very well indeed. Finance and diplomacy could hardly be more happily combined.

One of the most curious features of this Russo-Chinese loan is the secrecy with which negotiations were conducted. Yet matters must have been pretty far advanced by the time M. Hanotaux called the famous meeting of French financiers. The successful veiling of the project is the more surprising because Chinese officialdom is as venal in Peking as elsewhere; and a little judicious inquiry as to what was going on would probably have elicited the facts. After betraying some vexation at first, Berlin is said to be now finding consolation in the reflection that China will be unable to raise the larger loans that will be required to pay off the Japanese indemnity, without recourse to Germany and England. But the question is less one of financial than of political advantage. A State loan, such as China has contracted, may become a potent lever in the hands of Russian diplomacy.

Nor does this loan seem to be the only check we have received. The treaty of peace signed at Shimonoseki is understood to have contained a provision for opening the West River, at least as far as Wuchow, to steam; but the provision is said to have disappeared from the treaty as ratified at Chefoo. Now, the West River drains Southern China, from the frontiers of Yunnan to Canton; and Hongkong has been urging our Government, for years, to get it opened to foreign intercourse, with a view to competing for the trade of that great province. France, on the other hand, is trying her utmost to attract the trade down the Songkoi to Tongking. The *Gaulois* hinted, a few days ago, that France had secured some compensation for her service to Russia in procuring the rendition of Port Arthur. The disappearance of the provision from the treaty is, probably, part of that compensation.

It is not perhaps a highly dignified thing for the Governor of a great colony to be running about delivering lectures recommending that colony to the favourable consideration of people with either money to invest or muscles to use. Since his arrival in England a week or two ago Sir William Robinson, of Western Australia, has played the part of a glorified commercial traveller

anxious to push his wares in the best market. At various functions he has enlarged on the resources of the colony in a way which is equally specious and demagogic. He seeks to convince the world that Western Australia is going ahead, not so much on account of the gold boom as because she has been accorded the blessing of responsible self-government. The argument did duty again at the Royal Colonial Institute on Tuesday night; but it is surely absurd. The abounding prosperity which the colony now enjoys is due to the magic influence of the Coolgardie and other gold-fields, and without that influence, we dare affirm, Western Australia in 1895 would be pretty much where she was in 1890.

As it seems to be the moment for "honorary" rewards, we may mention one at any rate that is well deserved. Mrs. Ronalds has been given the Order of Merit by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha for her kindness to struggling musicians of all nationalities. But in all her generosity, Mrs. Ronalds shows, womanlike, a certain partiality for American musicians. For years past her house has been the meeting-place for those of her compatriots who, whilst being gifted musicians, still needed a powerful introduction in London. No one in our time has played Dame Patroness more wisely or more gracefully than Mrs. Ronalds.

A knighthood is now spoken of as a signal honour. On the contrary, nothing is easier than to be made a Knight Bachelor; but it is difficult to get a K.C.B. Mr. Chamberlain nearly wrecked Mr. Gladstone's Government about the year 1882 because he could not get a K.C.B. for his chief permanent official in the Board of Trade, Mr. (now Lord) Farrer. Mr. Gladstone refused the distinction, it is said, on the ground that it was impolitic to confer a K.C.B. on one who was not already a C.B. The Prime Minister had no precedent for such a quibble, but he adhered to his refusal. Now Mr. Farrer had always declined the C.B.; accordingly the deadlock was almost complete. But some sensible gentleman solved the difficulty by proposing to make Mr. Farrer a Baronet, to which, *mirabile dictu*, Mr. Gladstone at once consented. So Mr. Farrer got the greater honour because he was deemed unworthy of the less.

Readers of the article by Mr. H. M. Stanley on the Uganda Railway, that recently appeared in our columns, will remember the powerful arguments, both from the commercial and the political standpoint, which he preferred in favour of the construction of the railway. Sir Edward Grey's declaration in the House of Commons on Thursday, that the construction of the line will be begun "without unnecessary delay," can scarcely be considered satisfactory. As no money was taken for the railway in the vote for British East Africa, there seems to be little prospect of its being laid down under the present Government, who are evidently desirous of winning an inexpensive reputation for a spirited colonial policy.

M. Hanotaux is really doing very well. He repelled the attacks upon his foreign policy on Monday with firmness. M. Millerand and his friends are still in high dudgeon because three French vessels are going to Kiel. They cannot think how the French sailors will be able to look upon the German colours, blazoned with the date 1870, without leaping at them and tearing them in pieces. To these malcontents M. Hanotaux condescended graciously. If they were weak, his would not be the heart to chide them. No; he assured them that the visit was perfunctory, and would be brief—in short, a formal act of courtesy. "Our sailors go to Kiel," he said, with a note of restrained pride, "to represent not a humiliated and prostrate France, but a France which is firm and strong, which has sufficient self-confidence to be calm, and is proud enough and rich enough in glory to fear no compromise." Yes, France is getting on, without doubt; "not one single question of importance," M. Hanotaux assured the Chamber, "was settled in Europe without France being consulted (applause)." The interpellation ended in a demand by M. Goblet for the production of the secret treaty between France and Russia. M. Ribot refused, but seemed to acknowledge that there was a treaty; which is worth knowing.

In the June number of the *Forum* there is an article by Mr. Justin McCarthy on Mr. Chamberlain, which is well worth reading, in spite of its Radical and Separatist bias and a couple of important errors. Mr. McCarthy tells us that, after the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish, "Mr. Chamberlain was still willing to accept" the office of Irish Secretary. "'Nothing that had happened,' Mr. Chamberlain said, with significant firmness, 'could prevent him from undertaking the task—if it were offered to him.' Sir Charles Dilke said much the same thing. . . . *The place was not offered to either of them.*" The account is not very accurate, while the sentence we have put in italics conveys the reverse of the truth. The post was offered to Sir Charles Dilke and rejected by him, for the very simple reason that it did not carry with it a seat in the Cabinet. It was understood, we believe, that the Cabinet would consult him on important matters, but that did not seem to him sufficient in view of the fact that the Lord Spencer of those days was credited with Conservative views. And Lord Spencer, on his side, was resolved not to divide Cabinet honours with the Chief Secretary.

Mr. McCarthy's second blunder is even a worse one, because it is due to the jaundiced eye with which he now regards Mr. Chamberlain. He says: "Mr. Chamberlain potted over some plan of Local Government for Ireland—a plan that might have done well enough if it were set in the frame of a Home Rule system, but when offered as something complete in itself was not worth any serious consideration. Mr. Chamberlain was vexed at the cold reception which the Irish members gave to his proposal of compromise." It was understood at the time (a fact, by the way, which Mr. McCarthy admits) that Mr. Parnell and Mr. Chamberlain were in constant communication. It was asserted on good authority that the pottering plan of Local Government for Ireland which Mr. McCarthy derides was due to the co-operation of the two men. Mr. Chamberlain, we believe, has always asserted that the plan was Mr. Parnell's irreducible minimum of demand, and that he accepted it as such. At any rate there can be no doubt whatever that, had it not been for Mr. Gladstone's sudden change of front, this pottering plan would have been accepted, and would have now formed the basis of Irish Government. Mr. McCarthy's kindness and amiability amount almost to genius, but he should not so lose the man of letters in the politician as to mis-state known facts.

We have disinterred the past and swept the dust from chambers that have been untrodden for thousands of years. The modern critical faculty has shown us, too, the great men of the past in their habits as they lived, and we have come to understand the spirit in which they worked. All this has been productive of good, we suppose, on the whole, but it has not been without its evil consequences. For the little ones, though themselves devoid of talent, have thus learned how to imitate the masters' lives. For instance, M. Hector Malot has announced his intention of writing no more novels. "To die pen in hand," he says, "has been compared to dying sword in hand. For my part I look upon it as dying money in hand, and I will have none of it." So he finds himself constrained to write three columns to *Le Temps*, defending his decision. "For the last thirty years," he declares, "I have given myself, body and soul, to my work. As in a cloister I have laboured, and I refuse now to damage my reputation by giving anything less than my best work." And all this, if you please, from a writer of tenth-rate romances.

We understand that in like manner Mr. Richmond, A.R.A., is proud of receiving monthly wages for his decoration of St. Paul's. There can be no doubt, we believe, that Mr. Richmond could earn twice as much by painting portraits of the Sir Walter Gilberts and Mr. Barnatos of the day; but he will not do it. He, too, is glad to sacrifice himself to his labour of love—that will not endure. And while this is the spirit of the Malots and the Richmonds, a Whistler works for nothing but money, and spends his leisure time in quarrelling with baronets:

"In this world, who can do a thing, will not;
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive:

And thus we half-men struggle."

THE TRUE IRISH DIFFICULTY.

IF the Unionists are returned to power at the General Election, as seems more than likely, the problem they will be pressed to solve is what may be called the condition-of-Ireland question. They will find it surrounded by adventitious difficulties. Whatever may be the constitution of the Irish party—whether Mr. Healy and the priests have a majority, or Messrs. McCarthy, Dillon, Sexton & Co., with their allies the publicans—the Nationalist members, one and all, will do their best to make it impossible for a Unionist Government to administer Ireland in peace. We may dislike this course of conduct, and find it extremely inconvenient, but it is a condition of government by party, and, clearing our minds from cant, we do not see what is to be gained by railing at Irishmen for doing what both English parties in turn have done. It is impossible to deny that the Conservatives were consulting the exigencies of party warfare rather than the teachings of political principle when they supported the Reform Bill of 1867, and it is even more manifest that Mr. Gladstone brought in his Home Rule Bill in defiance of cherished convictions simply to win the Irish vote, which he was afraid would go to his political opponents. There is no sense, then, in treating the Irish members as if they were outlaws, or in any way more unprincipled than Englishmen. The evil of party government is that each group will push its pretensions farther than either justice or the welfare of the community warrants. The oscillation thus established is dangerous, but we can only repeat that it is one of the conditions of the present order of things, and it is for us Conservatives to deal with it in a statesmanlike fashion.

What, then, is the Irish difficulty? Is it a longing for national independence—a desire, as Parnell said, that Ireland should take its place and hold its course among the nations of the world? The idea is laughable. Men are collecting into ever larger and larger groups, and in the competition with empires that contain or will soon contain over one hundred millions of inhabitants, nations of five millions are certain to disappear, except under the most favourable conditions; and Ireland is very unfavourably situated for independence. A gunboat within easy range of a man-of-war consults its dignity in cultivating friendliness. But if Ireland does not desire independence in any real sense of the word "desire," what does she want? Lord Randolph Churchill, it will be remembered, said that she wanted a release from centralized administration. "Dublin Castle should be swept away," and a large measure of local self-government conferred upon the Irish people. Now this seems to us all very well, and we do not believe there are half a dozen members in the House of Commons who would refuse to sweep away Dublin Castle, or to establish a large measure of local self-government, if they believed that that would heal the Irish difficulty, or even go a considerable way towards healing it. But such measures are generally felt to be irrelevant; they are an evasion and not an answer to the question which the Sphinx asks. It was the custom ten or fifteen years ago for thoughtful men of both political parties to acknowledge that the agrarian question constituted the kernel of the Irish difficulty. Mr. Parnell used the agrarian question as the motive power of his demands for legislative independence; and Conservatives of the best type were inclined to believe that when the peasant had some stake in his holding, he would be less likely to trust himself to political agitation or to political agitators. The agrarian question is now solved or in process of solution. The Land Acts, while they have done much evil, have done some little good; and Lord Ashbourne's Purchase Act, and the extension given to it under the last Conservative Government, have done some good almost unmixed with evil. There is less crime, and particularly less agrarian crime, in Ireland to-day than ever before. It is evident, we think, that poverty is the true Irish difficulty, the only Irish difficulty. Let us see if this be true, and if it is true, what is the cause of it, and how it should be remedied.

A Royal Commission is now sitting to consider the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland. It has already collected a great body of evidence, which bears out our general contention. But the other day Mr.

Thomas Lough, who, though a Member for West Islington is, we believe, an Irishman, and is thoroughly acquainted with Ireland, brought some new facts before the Commission which, we think, should be widely known. He drew a contrast between the financial condition of Ireland in 1794 and the present time. In spite of great fluctuation, the population remains what it was a century ago—4,500,000; but in this hundred years the taxes have risen from two millions to eleven millions. The matter can be put shortly; in Great Britain wealth has increased eightfold, while in Ireland it has remained stationary. The taxation per head in Great Britain has diminished, whereas in Ireland it has increased almost sixfold. Here Mr. Lough should have paused, we think, and tried to solve the problem; but great knowledge of detail has pulled him into a byway very interesting in itself but leading nowhither. He finds that since 1820 Imperial taxation in Ireland has risen from 15s. 5d. per head to £1 13s. 4d., whereas local taxation has gone up from 2s. 6d. per head to 15s. 8d. Mr. Lough proves that the local bodies one and all—grand juries, boards of guardians, town commissioners—have wasted money by neglect and mismanagement where they have not thrown it away in jobbery. All this is interesting, as we have said, but almost irrelevant. The real questions remain untouched by such minor considerations: Why has the wealth of Great Britain increased eightfold during the century, whereas the wealth of Ireland has not increased? Why is the population of Great Britain three times what it was a hundred years ago, whilst the population of Ireland remains stationary? So far as we know, there is one industry in Great Britain, and only one, which shows results as unsatisfactory as these Irish results, and, needless to say, that industry is agriculture. The number of persons employed upon the land to-day in Great Britain is 60 per cent less than the number employed upon it a hundred years ago. The wealth received from land to-day in Great Britain is certainly not greater than its produce in 1795. Can we avoid the conclusion that the same cause which has impoverished the landlord and the tenant in Great Britain has impoverished the landlord and the tenant in Ireland? The policy of Free Trade has turned Great Britain into the manufactory of the world; it afforded her many industries and her accumulated capital the immense impetus of the cheapest possible raw materials; but it has maimed her agriculture, in spite of the fact that rich men, out of traditional pride, often carry it on at a loss; and it has ruined Ireland because Ireland was poor, ill placed for the industrial competition, and ill adapted to it. If we are right—if Free Trade has enriched Great Britain and impoverished Ireland—what should be the Conservative policy towards Ireland? It should be a policy of patience, it should be a policy of healing—on that all are agreed. But what active measures should be taken to lessen that chronic Irish poverty?

This is the question for Mr. Balfour to answer. If he finds the true and proper answer, and applies it patiently and urbanely, he will win a place in history as a great statesman. He must do more than extend light railways and lend moneys for the improvement of harbours or roads. As the same policy that has enriched England has impoverished Ireland, he must lighten the burden of taxation on the poorer country, and in every way show that if we English mean to keep Ireland united to us it is for Ireland's good even more than for our profit. We are afraid that these recommendations will be regarded as visionary and impractical. The Irish members, we shall be told, will set themselves against such a healing policy as this, and they will be supported, not only by the Gladstonians, but probably by some Unionists who will object to increase the taxation of their constituents. But the time and circumstances call for generosity to Ireland, and the Irish members would find it difficult or impossible to oppose such measures. The Celtic voter is awake to his own interest, and his passion has nothing impersonal in it. He may be trusted to control his representatives, whether they follow the priest or the publican. In his previous term of office Mr. Balfour began well. It is now for him to complete his task. He may advance fearlessly—the lions in the way are chained.

THE MINERS' RIGHT.

AFTER some years of boisterous existence the International Miners' Conference is settling down into staid sobriety. It has not yet revolutionized the world, nor, to be frank, do we exactly see how it is going to do so. But on the whole it is well-meaning, and it certainly conducts its affairs with increased dignity and common sense. A little while ago the English and the Continental delegates were divided by a deep gulf; the Frenchmen and the Belgians, not to say the Germans, foamed at the mouth because their English brethren would not consent to sweep the world of capitalists and make a wilderness to stand for peace. But that golden age is over, and in a way both parties have contributed to the change, for both have adopted new tactics. The rough practicality of the English miners has had its effect. It takes a great deal of spluttering Chauvinism to make way against insular common sense. The Socialists have gone off in a huff, and the better sort that remain have grown quite accustomed to open their ears to the dictates of reason. It is quite astonishing how these wild delegates have taken their lessons from the dull Islanders. The worst of our screeching demagogues was mild compared with them, and now they are only a little more turbulent than he. But the English miners also have altered their manners. To any one with a sense of humour the Conference which has just concluded must have seemed farcical. The attitude of the English was merely this: "As long as you pass our resolutions we will subscribe to anything you like." The Continentals were treated as wayward children. What they said really did not matter. Every one knew it meant nothing and would come to nothing. A large amount of time was spent in keeping them in a good temper, and M. Basly was especially provoking, but, on the whole, the delegates worked amicably together. The English got their way, which was the main thing, and so did the French, which was also the main thing.

There were three principal points debated in this Conference, upon which each party came to a satisfactory conclusion. In the first place it was proposed to restrict the output from mines. At the outset the English delegates shied at this; they had a rude notion, acquired from penny handbooks, that such a restriction would plunge some districts in distress. They had not, of course, any idea that supply is regulated by demand. But in the result they agreed to their foreign friends' proposal, and then by unanimous consent tied up the resolution with a rider that the Conference should formulate a scheme by which the restriction should be carried out. The Conference is at liberty to deliberate on this till doomsday. Secondly, the burning question of hours came up. The delegates representing the Miners' Federation wanted to make eight hours a compulsory maximum for workers underground; the foreigners put forward a resolution demanding eight hours for surface-workers as well. "All right," said the Miners' Federation, after reflection, "you pass our motion and we will pass yours, though we do not believe in it." Consequently the English resolution was carried against the opposition of the Northumberland and Durham representatives, and on the top of that every one save the same minority genially supported the French. Was there ever such amiable collusion? The third debate was even more instructive. The English resolution advocated "compensation to all persons injured whilst following their work in or about the mines." The French, on the other hand, seized the opportunity for a bold stroke against the capitalist, who was to be responsible for any accident, "except when it can be proved that the person committed suicide." Nay; even this was too tame a motion for some of the fiery spirits. A certain Herr Brunte, who had his following, declared that a master should be held responsible for suicide itself in certain cases; and a M. Lamendin urged that no loophole should be left to the accused employers. From all these insane exhibitions of folly the English delegates stood aside. Mr. Parrott, speaking in their behalf, put the case for common sense very well. He desired compensation only in cases where there was no contributory negligence on the part of the workman. The Frenchmen would not hear of this; and preparations were made for

a division. Then it was found that the English resolution, by inadvertence, embodied no proviso about contributory negligence. Consequently, if you please, the English resolution was adopted by a considerable majority, and the French was passed unanimously! In all this jumble of confusion what is most interesting is the strong opposition between the Miners' Federation and the National Union. The National Union represents a very large proportion of the output in England, and therefore has more than a right to be heard in behalf of miners. Yet it is persistently pooh-poohed by the more raucous voices in the Miners' Federation. The democratic journals tell us that Northumberland and Durham will fall into line with the rest of England; but to-day they are more in antagonism than ever. The case for the northern miners was very sensibly put by Mr. House, who said: "We are convinced that we must never ask the Government to do what we can do ourselves. We have faith in the syndical organization, and we rely solely on it. If the hundreds of millions wasted in political strife had been employed for the development of syndicates, the workmen would be better off than they are." Precisely; here is the true explanation of the obstinacy of Northumberland and Durham. The northcountryman is shrewd and vigorous, and knows not only what is good for himself but what is just for others. If the miners want an eight-hours day, they are quite capable of obtaining it. Government has no call to interfere. The less the State meddles in the individual relations between man and man, whether capitalist or workman, the better for us all; only we cannot yet expect our Continental friends to see it. But we prefer to believe that the Miners' Federation will come round rather than that Northumberland and Durham will surrender their position.

FRENCH TAXATION.

THE NEW THEORY OF HARMFUL CONSUMPTION.

IN introducing his Budget this year Sir William Harcourt seemed to warn us that the limit of revenue that could be raised by taxation had nearly been reached. Of course what the Chancellor meant was that an increase of taxation would no longer be borne easily, would become a burden and be resented. Yet even when taken in this limited sense, Sir William Harcourt's words were unnecessarily alarmist. If we may believe statisticians, or even credit them with approximate accuracy, the United Kingdom is richer than France, and our taxation is still only some 95 millions a year, whereas the French Budget is over 130 millions or 36 per cent larger. Nor do the French despair of largely increasing their sources of revenue. It is now being proposed in influential quarters to turn the sale of alcohol throughout France into a Government monopoly, just as the sale of tobacco is a Government monopoly; and it is confidently asserted that an enormous sum annually would be realized from this change. It is not generally known in England that the tobacco monopoly brings into the French State coffers more than any other tax; it is three times as lucrative as their heavy land tax. It is only fair to study this modern French theory of taxation, which has certainly proved itself by results.

Forty or fifty years ago Frenchmen, like all other peoples, were taught, by the then reigning school of so-called Liberal economists, that a fiscal system was perfect in inverse ratio to the degree in which it depended on indirect taxation. But the French people happened to be very ticklish on the subject of direct taxation—to this day they will have nothing to do with an income-tax—and so it became necessary for them to study very carefully the theory of indirect taxation. And this necessity was sharpened tenfold after the terrible experience of 1870-71. The problem then was how to cover an immense expenditure by a system of indirect taxation. It was generally felt that if your bread and meat, the necessities of life, were taxed heavily, no doubt large sums would be obtained, but the burden upon the poorest would be crushing, and public opinion would revolt against such cruelty. On the other hand, if luxuries were singled out for taxation, the sum obtained would not be large, because objects of mere luxury are not consumed in large quantities. If, again, you taxed all merchandise

lightly, without exception, the complexity of the taxes would lead to a sort of inquisition, and probably, by a revulsion of feeling, to fraudulent evasion. Experience has taught that it is necessary to concentrate indirect taxation upon a small number of substances which must be taxed heavily in order to obtain a considerable result.

But what substances, it may be asked, should thus be selected for heavy taxation? French economists now determine these substances by what they call the "theory of harmful consumption." Just as Rops the other day issued a series of sketches which he called useless or harmful, so French economists have drawn up a list of articles which they consider to be generally useless or harmful, and which, therefore, may be taxed relentlessly for the general good. They regard tea, coffee, tobacco, and perfumes as useless, whereas all spirits, morphine, pepper, and mustard are set down as harmful. There is no way of taxing a product so completely without risking fraudulent evasion as by converting it into a Government monopoly, and consequently the sale of tobacco has been taken over by the State, with the wonderful results, from a fiscal point of view, already mentioned. Now it is proposed, as we have said, to give the State the sole control of alcoholic drinks, and it is asserted that the revenue from this source will reach enormous figures, whilst the public health will be benefited. It seems to us that this affords a solution of the difficulties connected with the traffic in drink in the United Kingdom which may well engage the attention, not only of the reformers, but also of our statesmen.

NORTH'S "PLUTARCH" AND MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P.

IT is seldom that a critic comes across a book which he can praise unreservedly. It is sometimes thought—without any warrant—that he takes a pleasure in blaming; that he, the lover of books, is in fact a sort of doctor who only interests himself in disease, and can take no joy in health or beauty. Taste, other persons think, may be cultivated to such a nicety that it finds imperfection everywhere, and admiration, they hint, is a foible peculiar to ingenuous youth. But such opinions are born of ignorance and prejudice. Take a collector and watch him as he pulls out the drawer in his cabinet: note how his hands tremble as he shows you his most treasured possession, the perfect coin or cameo on which his critical faculties have spent themselves without finding a flaw, and how his enthusiasm is now intensified by the memories of a myriad shortcomings that might, but do not, dim the lustre of this unique gem. No one was so fitted to admire the virtues of Penelope as the husband who had seen many cities and knew the manners of many men—*πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς*—and to none other, perhaps, would even Penelope have shown such devotion.

All this is simply to say that a book has been sent to us which it will overtask our little knowledge and skill to praise fittingly. It is one of the "Tudor Translations,"* the whole series of which reflects credit upon the general editor, Mr. W. E. Henley. Even Mr. Henley, poet and critic as he is, may well look upon these books with especial pride and pleasure; and they are hardly less characteristic of this century-end than those "Voluntaries" of his which have so personal and intimate an interest for all lovers of original verse. These volumes of Plutarch are portly, presentable tomes, warmly bound in brownish-red and most excellently printed—to Messrs. T. and A. Constable, Edinburgh, be the honour!—on fair paper with rough edges. The book itself, the "Lives of the noble Grecians and Romanes," done into "unfading English," as the dedication has it, by that Elizabethan worthy, Thomas North, in 1574, is almost beyond praise. For this is the translation that "Sidney read" and "Shakespeare rifled"—the best, the only translation, restored to us again by the joint care of Mr. Henley and Mr. Wyndham.

Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., is known to every one as Mr. Arthur Balfour's secretary. Though still very young—a year or two over thirty—he has already shown much sympathy with the poor in Committee discussions on Factory and other Acts, and has thus won for himself a certain place in Parliament. What

* Published by David Nutt. London. 1895.

he intends to do *dans cette galère* only himself could tell us. He is as much at home combatting the Weirs and the Hardies as a razor would be if called upon to play ploughshare. But he has a most uncommon literary gift, and must be held to account for it. Mr. Henley discovered this new talent, as he has discovered so many others, or, at least, it was in the pages of the *New Review* that Mr. Wyndham first gave evidence of what he could do in the way of writing. There appeared last March a paper of his, entitled "The Poetry of the Prison," which is one of the best things we have read for a long time. The translations into verse are remarkable; the prose is remarkable too. Whether he is writing about Charles d'Orléans, the poet, who was also a prince though a prisoner, or Villon, who was merely a poet and blackguard, he catches the sweetness of their music, and has rendered the pathos of their wasted lives. The one fault we could find is that his prose is now and then a little "precious," slightly mannered, which does not suit the shameless directness of Villon's confessions. The memory of this charming little essay quickened our pulses with the prospect of enjoyment when we commenced reading the introduction which Mr. Wyndham has written to "Plutarch." We were not disappointed. The introduction is in its own way a literary achievement. Its virtues are so many that we shall not easily exhaust them; let us, therefore, first deal with its faults. They come naturally under two heads, and would be accounted merits in many a belauded book. First of all, in these one hundred pages Mr. Wyndham has brought together all that it is necessary to know about Plutarch—his art, his morality, his view of life—and all that it is necessary to know of his first French translator Amyot and of the greater English version of North, besides dismissing to well-merited oblivion the Langhorne's rendering and that attributed to Dryden. The hundred pages are packed with information and with thoughts that provoke thought. But Mr. Wyndham should have put more water in his ink; he should have devoted a hundred pages at least to Plutarch himself, instead of fifty or sixty. Then he would no doubt have compared a passage of Plutarch's Greek with the classic Greek of Xenophon or Plato, and shown us how the language had become less fluid and accurate and intimate; how some words, like coins, had lost their edges and beauty, and grown lighter in the using, whilst others had been clipped of half their meaning by generations unworthy of so precious a heritage. It is a point to make that Plutarch bears translation into the romantic English of North better than Plato or Xenophon would bear it. The austere classic grace would be disfigured as much by the flowers as by the familiarities of Elizabethan prose; but Plutarch is often bettered by North's rendering, for Plutarch never loved a hero better than North did, and the Englishman's homely, manly idiom suits heroic themes better than the crabbed and "sweated" Greek of Plutarch. Mr. Wyndham's worst fault, then, is that he has taken somewhat too small a canvas for his picture: his second fault is even more intimately associated with his merits. He has fallen so desperately in love with his subject that he becomes Plutarch's advocate rather than his introducer. He will not suggest a flaw in his author's art, and he resents any imputations on his morality. His special pleading is most excellent, quick and ingenious, often, indeed, genial and fascinating, but still it is special pleading.

At the very outset Mr. Wyndham calls Plutarch deliberately "the unrivalled painter of men." The praise seems to us extravagant. Plutarch has great stores of legend and record to draw from, men to describe who were among the most famous makers of history; and yet there is no portrait of his which can be compared for a moment with the Tiberius of Tacitus, or even with the Cromwell or Frederick of Carlyle. Mr. Wyndham knows this as well as we do, but his love of his subject carries him away to unconsidered warmth of expression. He admits that "the painter in Plutarch has been slighted for the preacher," and that Plutarch's "first study" is "to write a good man's 'virtues at large,' and if 'certain faults' be there, 'to pass them over lightly of reverent shame to the mere frailty of man's nature.'" Such a desire to idealize is destructive of the finest essence of the literary art; it

is as if a painter were to give us high lights and yet to content himself with half shadows. The truth is that Plutarch was not an unrivalled portrait-painter, not even a great portrait-painter, but a painter of moderate capacity blessed with unrivalled sitters. Mr. Wyndham selects Plutarch's masterpieces with perfect judgment—Themistocles, Alcibiades, Marius, Cato, Alexander, Demetrius, Antonius, and Pompey. But he passes from this delicate appreciation to a statement which, we think, must be qualified: "The painter of incident (in Plutarch) is scarcely less great than the painter of men." We should have said that as a painter of incident Plutarch showed himself greater than as a portrait-painter. The dramatic moment in great events is usually handed down by the common people with startling accuracy. Nay, it is often perfected by time and repetition, as common sayings are rounded to the form of proverbs. But great men are not thus to be dealt with. Their characteristics are not understood of the many; they need the *vates sacer*. Accordingly, it seems to us that Plutarch's incidents are far finer than the strokes by which he reveals character. Mr. Wyndham attributes the gift, "at times almost appalling, of imaginative presentment," to Plutarch's art. We, on the other hand, attribute it to the rich records Plutarch had at command; but the touch is sometimes very fine. We can do no better than follow Mr. Wyndham, and take Plutarch's description of the Teutons from the "Marius": "Their voices were 'wonderful, both strange and beastly'; so Marius kept his men close till they should grow accustomed to such dreadful foes. Meanwhile the Teutons 'were passing by his campe six days continually together': 'they came raking by' and marching all together in good array; making a noyse with their harness all after one sorte; they oft rehearsed their own name *Ambrons, Ambrons, Ambrons*," and the Romans watched them, listening to the monotonous unhuman call." Besides such magical touches, Mr. Wyndham does not forget to give us many instances of Plutarch's art. He notes that "Alexander sounds the charge which is to change the fortunes of the world, and Arbela is rendered in a few lines. But up to the instant of his sounding it, you are told of his every act. Plutarch, proceeding as leisurely as his hero, creates suspense out of delay." This is good criticism, and even better advocacy. Had Plutarch, dropping out details, gradually hastened his hero's movements continuously but imperceptibly until the great moment, his art would have been more consummate than it is. At the last moment, however, Plutarch amplifies unnecessary detail; distracts attention from the protagonist to the soothsayer Aristander, and is not satisfied till he has told us how this worthy is dressed. Here again our estimate of Plutarch seems confirmed; he wins greatness as an artist from what the records and tradition have given him, but he often puts on the jewels that have come down to him without selection and without taste. But Mr. Wyndham will have it that "it is all the work of an incomparable painter"; and it must, at any rate, be admitted that he has chosen and set the purple passages with a perfect appreciation of their æsthetic value; and he conciliates us by suggesting, in a charming modern spirit, that his author's art is probably more valuable than an ethical disquisition.

He tells us that Plutarch's "morality is ours," and he goes on to prove this by a thousand instances; "the State," he insists, "was more than it is now"; but he will not admit that "the family was less"; for love between children and parents was conspicuous; conspicuous, too, the passionate devotion between brothers; and he asks us to "note everywhere the loyal comradeship between husbands and wives." From some passages of his author he draws the inference that the ancients usually showed great kindness to their slaves and even to their domestic animals; he quotes Plutarch himself: "As for me I could never finde in my heart to sell my drawt ox that hadde ploughed my land a long time because he could plowe no longer for age," and he adds: "Here we have a higher standard of humanity than obtains in living England." There is, as all who have read the classics know, a great deal more truth in this contention of Mr. Wyndham's than our modern vanity likes to admit. We do not need to remind him, on the other hand, that there are certain fields of morality in which we are far

ahead of the ancients. The "Symposium" of Plato or the end of Plutarch's "Demosthenes" suffice to define what we mean. As we have already said, Mr. Wyndham plays the part of Plutarch's advocate and admirer from one end to the other of the introduction, and he has brought better brains and wider reading to the rôle of panegyrist than dear old Plutarch deserved.

The moment Mr. Wyndham leaves Plutarch and begins to deal with Plutarch's translators he sheds all his faults. He has evidently, up to this point, been cramped for space. He knew his author too thoroughly, he admired him too heartily, to be able to unburden his soul in fifty or sixty pages; but when it comes to dealing with Amyot and North, the Langhorns, and the rest, Mr. Wyndham describes them and judges them with an impartiality and an accuracy that leave nothing to be desired. He shows us how closely North, in his English translation, follows the French translation of Amyot; how he renders not only his meaning but the cadence of his rhythm, sentence by sentence. Here is a noble judgment, which shows how Mr. Wyndham can write. Speaking of North's translation from Amyot's French, he says: "The Plutarchian hues are never lost—they are but doubly refracted; and by each refraction they are broadened in surface and deepened in tone. The sunlight of his sense is sometimes subdued by a light mist, or is caught in the fantastic outline of a little cloud, but the general effect is touched with a deeper solemnity and a more splendid iridescence; even where the vapours lie thickest the red rays throb through." And here we may as well acknowledge our indebtedness, not only to Mr. Wyndham's taste but also to his learning and accuracy. He has not only shown us conclusively that North's is the best English rendering of Plutarch, and that it is a more poetic and splendid rendering even than Amyot's, but also he has collected for the first time the complete bibliography of the many literary phases through which "Plutarch" passed in the course of the sixteenth century. The *Times* reviewer of the introduction detected a misprint in a date, and though the correct date is given in three other passages, and even on the title-page, he fastens on this poor slip and sneers at Mr. Wyndham's accuracy. He would have done better had he given Mr. Wyndham credit, not only for scholarly knowledge and care, but also for his taste in the selection of the splendid passages with which the critic has fagged out his criticism.

Mr. Wyndham has done so much that it is difficult to praise him adequately. We recommend our readers to study the whole introduction, and not to omit that part of it in which we are shown Shakespeare's obligation, in "Anthony and Cleopatra," to Plutarch's "Coriolanus" and "Julius Cæsar." But our last word must be to put Plutarch in his proper place. He has written only of statesmen; is concerned, as he tells us himself, only with the "disposition and manners of the great." He cannot conceive that any young "gentleman nobly born" should so much as wish to be Phidias or Polycletus, or Anacreon, and consequently we know little or nothing of those artists and singers who have made the Greek tongue and Greek civilization the first object of study in every modern school. What would we have given for a life of Plato, or Sophocles, or Phidias from Plutarch's pen! The artist has risen in the world in these last eighteen centuries, and although Mr. Wyndham, carried away by sympathy with his author, tells us that there are deeds better worth the doing than the making of beautiful things, we are not sure that we agree with him. Shakespeare is dearer to us than all our statesmen, and Rembrandt more valuable than all the heroes who assured the independence of the Dutch. What does Browning say?

"If you get simple beauty and nought else,
You get about the best thing God invents."

THE LESSON OF DEMOCRACY.

THE result of the Inverness-shire election will probably be declared on Monday, certainly after these lines have appeared in print; and according to the result, I await with amusement the pæans of the Tory Press over another great Unionist victory in Scotland, or the rejoicing of the Ministerial organs at the striking

vindication of the Government policy by the Highlanders and Islanders. To those who know anything of the Highlands, or have taken the trouble to follow the candidates through their contest, the blasts and counter-blasts of the Metropolitan Press will seem sad nonsense. The election in Inverness-shire was as much concerned with Home Rule and the Union, with Radical and Conservative, as with the Mahatma or the nebular hypothesis. Alas, it was not the Armenian question, or the House of Lords, or One Man One Vote, or the Local Veto Bill, that interested the electors of Skye and the mainland, but piers, bridges, railways, roads, footpaths, telegraphs, for their own district, and, above all, the land of the laird. Money is what these plain, blunt men want, money for all these neighbourly projects; and to the candidate who in their opinion is most likely to get money for them out of the Imperial Government will their suffrages be given. I subjoin an account, taken from the *Northern Chronicle* of 5 June, the Tory organ, of a meeting held by Mr. Baillie of Dochfour, the Tory candidate.

"MR. BAILLIE AT KYLE STOCKINISH.

Mr. Baillie, in his address, expressed his views upon the Land and Church questions, his remarks being listened to with close attention. At the close,

A fisherman said what the people wanted was some person to help them.

Mr. Baillie: Well, that is just what I am trying to do.

The same questioner said the people desired improved steamer communication, and they also wished improved piers and harbours.

Mr. Baillie said the Unionist party wished to improve and develop the Highlands and Islands as much as possible, and he pointed out that the late Unionist Government had done a considerable amount of good work in the way of grants to piers and harbours, and also in the construction of new roads, which proved of much benefit to the people.

Mr. Brown, teacher, said the people paid very heavy road rates, but notwithstanding this fact, the difficulties of travelling were very great. The voter who had just questioned Mr. Baillie had to travel about six miles to his house through a moor without an inch of road.

Mr. Baillie said the question of roads was undoubtedly a difficult one. He would be in favour of doing anything which would open up the country.

Mr. Brown said Ireland appeared to be receiving a great deal more money from the Government than Scotland. Would Mr. Baillie be willing to ask as large a grant as possible for the construction of footpaths, which would aid considerably in developing the western seaboard?

Mr. Baillie: I would willingly support such a proposal. I think Ireland should get a great deal less and Scotland a great deal more than she obtains at present.

At the close Mr. Baillie was awarded a unanimous vote of confidence."

This is a fair sample taken from the bulk, and I do not give an extract from Mr. Macrae's speeches to his Radical supporters, because I think we can all, without much difficulty, imagine that he would go one better than Mr. Baillie upon all questions and on each occasion.

I do not think I am a purist or a pedant, for I have fought three contested elections, and I know well the pressure that is brought to bear on candidates. But I ask Conservatives, who are capable of looking beyond the advantage of the hour, to ponder well the significance of that short, but most vivid, report of a Conservative meeting, held not in the planet of Saturn, nor even in Ireland, but in an important county of the United Kingdom. The fault, of course, is not Mr. Baillie's—he cuts his coat according to his cloth—but that of the constituency. Have we not here got down to the bed-rock of politics, and is it not a somewhat discouraging spectacle? The one business of a representative in Canada, in Australia, and in the United States, is to get money out of the State for his constituency. In the United States the pension fund for soldiers grows larger as the war recedes into the distance, and as the families of the pensioners multiply. In Canada the practice of subsidizing local schemes out of central funds, which even Sir John Macdonald was unable to resist, has thoroughly demoralized the politics of the Dominion. In

France it is the first duty of a deputy to procure a *débit de tabac* for his friend in the provinces. On the subject of land purchase, Mr. Baillie strikes a bolder note. This is what he said at Inverness and Beaulieu: "As regards the greater question which is included under the cry for 'more land,' I must confess that I absolutely demur to the whole spirit, and to nearly all the actual provisions, of that Bill" (*i.e.* the Crofters Bill now before Parliament), "not because it goes too far, not because I think it too revolutionary for a landlord to accept, but because I think it is a pitiful and almost childish attempt to deal with a great and pressing question; because, in fact, it does not go to the root of the real difficulty at all. The difficulty is not, and never was, the lack of land, but the question of how the people are to be put on the land in such a manner as to give them some prospect of ultimate prosperity. I may repeat here what I have already said, that the scheme of converting large areas of the Highlands into crofts and small holdings can only be carried out to any satisfactory extent by a large expenditure of capital outlay. I believe that the ultimate aim of any policy of this sort should be the establishment of peasant ownership of land on a wide scale. I think the Government, as the only power capable of working the system I suggest satisfactorily, should take over large tracts of suitable ground, not paying money down for them to the landlords, but paying a small interest on the purchase money of such lands; that such ground should be parcelled out in small holdings, and held by crofters, cotters, and small farmers, of the Government as landlord. And then I would suggest the application of the Irish Land Purchase Act to Scotland, so that in the course of a certain limited number of years the small holders of the country should become, on very light, very favourable and easy terms, if they wished it, the owners in perpetuity of their land." I am not going into the Highland land question, on which I am not an expert; I merely wish to point out that here again is a promise to the electors of a very large capital outlay, not by the County Councils—and there may be a good deal to be said for the Local Authority dealing with its own congested districts and crofter parishes, upon the principle that "who plays pays"—but the money is promised out of the pockets of the Imperial taxpayers. Again, I beg to state that I am not attacking Mr. Baillie, who is no worse than anybody else, and who has made a gallant fight under trying circumstances. It is the system against which I protest, the system of wholesale generosity at other people's expense. Personally I prefer the old plan of giving an elector a five-pound note for his vote, for there is much to be said for the representation of wealth as well as numbers and birth, and anyway the money came out of the candidate's own pocket, and not out of somebody else's. The remedy for this rapidly spreading corruption, which threatens to eat the heart out of our political system, as it has done in other countries, lies in the hands of the Democracy itself. If the Democracy insists on being bought, it will be bought, and it will make Government succumb to financial disorganization.

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

MR. QUILTER'S GOSPEL.

WE have read very little of Mr. Harry Quilter lately, and we have missed him sadly. He should not forget that he is an old and licensed favourite. But we are glad that he has remembered us at last. He can remain silent no longer in the wings; the great abuses of the artistic world are calling in his ears; and with a hop and a kick he is with us once again. No less than four Reviews give him room this month; but as he has been so long condemned to ignominious seclusion from the stage, the sudden merry abundance of him is excusable. There are those who can never stuff their stomachs full enough of harlequinade. But most of us have a more continent appetite, and while leaving others to batten upon the rest of his frolics, one may be permitted to enjoy only his *Contemporary* article. Even Mr. Quilter grows wearisome in time, and after a spell of grinning the jaws are wont to ache and the spirit to suffer a depressing reaction. In the *Contemporary* Mr. Quilter has undoubtedly his finest "turn." His theme is "The Gospel of Intensity," a title which, with

singular parsimony, he has stolen from himself. Here he rides a sedate high horse, all in paint and motley. He mums and vaults with the very best, leaping through his acrobatic hoops and turning aerial somersaults with all the ancient gusto. From afar his watchful eye has descried the vagaries of modern art and modern literature, and donning his blackest armour he has come forth to destroy them. In truth Art has need of him, and Literature cries for him. He is their old well-worn champion. "As a critic of twenty years' standing," says he, humbly, "I have not only the right but the obligation to judge." "Sixteen years since," says he, "I pointed out not once nor twice . . ." He is an "old journalist," and has never been accused of "restricting the powers of criticism." He has written, so we learn, on "The Palace of Art;" on "Spots on the Sunflower," on "The Cornhill on Coal-scuttles," and on many more subjects in many eminent magazines, some of which are still alive. One remembers a gentleman who once ingeniously misdescribed certain productions of Mr. Whistler; it was high time that he warmed the pages of a Review by attributing "Bells and Pomegranates," which is generally believed to be the work of a certain Mr. Browning, to quite another pen.

One is not, however, concerned with Mr. Quilter's scholarship, or the accuracy of his facts. It does not much matter that Mr. Conan Doyle is supposed by him to have written a volume in the "Keynotes" series, or that Mr. John Davidson's romance is represented as "The Strange Adventure of Earl Lavender." These, so to speak, are merely spots on the sunflower, as Mr. Quilter might say. One leaves them to follow Mr. Quilter's swallow-flight into the pure region of "criticism." Literature and Art, by his account, have been steadily going to the dogs these last ten years. Art and Literature have become "blasphemy, indecency, and disease." You may print books all about yourself and your life, and what you said and what other people have said to you under the grave shadow of propriety, and be saved. But if you presume to write a poem, or a novel, or to paint a picture, you must have *Imprimatur*, Harry Quilter upon it, or else you risk damnation. But it is not the fault of these poor artists and these poor writers, God bless you. "Poor chaps," as Mr. Quilter feelingly and elegantly expresses it, they only obey the Press and the Public. Know you that "*the Public have the matter in their own hands*." "Why should we tolerate in our fiction that which we should not tolerate in our conversation or our life?" And why should we tolerate in the pages of an immaculate Review this sorry sort of homiletics? Mr. Quilter informs us with a magnanimous air that he does not seek "to put the clock backward." He is very indulgent to us. He wishes life to be dealt with "fully and honestly," and that is from "a healthy and manly (or womanly) point of view." We suppose that Mr. Quilter considers it full and manly and honest to ignore the main issues of life, to suppress the facts of half a continent, and to make-believe that our world is a Lowther Arcade full of sawdust dolls and innocent tin-whistles. He will not have the brutality of the East End, or the horrid problems of sex come between the wind and his nobility. All life is a garden that smells sweet, and every one lives happily ever afterwards. We are to drag out our days in a Fool's Paradise; not a taint of what is real must touch us. We may sin and suffer, and kill and die, but our books must pretend we do not. Honeyed innocence prevails around us, and that man is a scoundrel who shall presume to doubt it—on paper. We are all to feign that the king is clothed in glorious raiment, when we all of us are aware that he has nothing on. Mr. Quilter has often "felt his blood boil with indignation" at the neglect with which the "old-fashioned story-tellers" who maintain this convention are treated. The book which he has singled out for his special assault is Mr. Arthur Morrison's "Tales of Mean Streets," which, because it attempted with considerable success to pour-tray a side of life in the East End familiar to every district visitor and ignored or misrepresented over every tea-table, was received with a show of satisfaction as a work of art. "The great daily papers" Mr. Quilter "thankfully" admits to be free from the disgrace of welcoming such morbid "repulsiveness," which, con-

sidering that, for example, the *Standard's* interest in letters is confined to a notice of some lexicon or grammar once a month, is not very much to be wondered at. But Mr. Quilter is really delightful. After thus pulverizing modern literature, he proceeds to prophesy. If any one will listen to him, here is his voice crying in the wilderness. "I believe that novelists will soon not dare to publish what they certainly would not dare to speak. I believe that critics will be afraid to praise such productions. I believe that editors will be ashamed to employ critics who do . . . and lastly, I believe that somehow, after some strange unexpected fashion, there will come back into the world some substitute for the old faith in God, and reverence for those things which are fair, lovely, and of good report." Here is our new Athanasian Creed according to the Apostle Quilter. But, not improbably, it will take more than this feeble and self-satisfied philippic to effect a revolution in the literary world, and not even Mr. Quilter will suffice to chain us up again in the dungeons of middle-Victorian taste.

MARRIOTT WATSON.

DIES DOMINÆ.

V.—THE SISTERHOOD OF WOMAN.

ALTHOUGH the universal brotherhood of man lies avowedly in the background of the socialistic dream, no zealous Utopian has ever yet ventured to apply the same idea to the opposite sex. The bond of fellowship which exists between man and man simply by virtue of a common sex is entirely absent between woman and woman. It is, in fact, replaced by a fundamental antagonism, a vague enmity which renders the general attitude of a feminine creature towards her kind essentially different from that of the male creature in identical relations. In individual cases this feeling is counteracted by affection or by sympathy, but apart from personal sentiment it remains, severing every living woman from the rest of her sex. To a great extent this arises from woman's incapacity for impersonal feeling or abstract emotion. In life's fray she fights either for her own hand or, more often, for some one man or woman whom she loves, but rarely for the welfare of her sex at large. Were it not for this strange lack of humanity in her nature, the emancipation of woman would not have been so grievously retarded. If the few women who suffered aforetime under the restrictions which hedged in their liberty had been able to count on the sympathy and co-operation of all women, the time of their subjugation would have been enormously abbreviated. As it was, the first seekers after freedom met with more opposition from their own sex than they did from the other; nor, indeed, do they fare better to-day. It was not the great mass of womanhood who worked to obtain the Married Women's Property Act, nor the restitution of their municipal rights, nor the vindication of their personal rights by the Jackson case verdict. These enormous changes in their social status were effected by an inconsiderable minority of women brave enough and logical enough to impress the male powers that be with the justice of their demands. But for their courage they received no sympathy, and for their success not one word of thanks—nothing, in fact, but execration from the huge inert feminine mass in whose service their strength was spent.

It is in fact this essential disunion, this lack of cohesive power, which makes the economic position of woman what it is. The work which she is now doing with her might she owes more to the self-interest of the employer than to her own energy. In many fields of labour women are ousting men from employment, because their work is as well done as men can do it, and done at about half the price. The emancipation of the woman-worker simply means that the capitalist has found the road to the cheapest labour, and makes the best bargain he can. When it is struck the woman wails that she is underpaid, apparently unconscious that the remedy lies in her own hands. If each woman who works were to adopt the tactics of man and combine for the common benefit, instead of standing alone and making her own terms, the value of her labour would soon be equal to his. But this is just what she cannot do.

She cannot form an alliance with her own sex, either offensive or defensive, and respect its covenant. That is why trade unionism among women is still almost a farce and its operation ineffectual, and why the associations formed by women for their betterment and governed by them are so apt to become disabled through internal strife. Whatever strength there is in woman, it is not the strength of unity: far less are equality and fraternity sequels to the liberty she claims. At the moment her most pretentious claim is for parliamentary enfranchisement. I am not here concerned with the justice—or injustice—of the claim, but with the contention that its success or failure depends almost entirely upon herself. If all womanhood were to demand the vote as with one voice, the days of her exclusion from political activity would be numbered. For the present obstacle to her obtaining it comes not so much from man's disinclination to grant it as from the passive antagonism of those women who do not want it.

Yet there never was a time when women were so interested in their own sex as they are now, though whether this interest is due to an impulse of morbid curiosity or to a genuine human sympathy is open to question. It is certain that an increasing number of women who are morally stainless give evidence of an extraordinary absorption in the character and condition of those whose lives are notoriously and avowedly vicious. Formerly, the barrier which separated the virtuous among women from the fallen was absolutely definite and impassable. On the principle that to touch pitch is to be inevitably defiled, those within the fold held no communication with the outcast, whose very existence they were expected to ignore. Of late, however, the pharisaical passing-by on the other side has been replaced by an abnormal attraction towards the gutter, and virtue's crown of virtue is won by devising schemes for the redemption of the fallen and the purification of the sinner through intercourse with the saint. There are those who profess to perceive in this association the germ of a brave humanitarianism, the inauguration of a new and fervent charity that presages an era of feminine fellowship and amity. To my mind it has no such significance, but is simply a form of hysteria based upon a morbid appetite for coquetting with sin, so characteristic of the modern woman. The kind of sin which she has neither the opportunity nor the desire to commit has a fascination for her perverse, *fainéant* soul. She is like the little betrothed bride in one of Marcel Prévost's stories; and with charity's patchwork quilt for a cloak, she satisfies her curiosity by coming in contact with those who have drunk the cup of knowledge to the dregs. Yet her inveterate habit of throwing dust in her own eyes no doubt obscures the underlying motive of her devotion to what is called "rescue work." A vague pity for the Paula Tanquerays of this world she is conscious of, a pity which can easily be made to sound like that inexhaustible human sympathy which hopeth all things, believeth all things, and endureth all things.

Take, again, the friendship of one woman for another when both stand upon the same moral and social level. It is in nine cases out of ten devoid of the obligations of loyalty and honour which are inherent in the friendship between one man and another. There is less reserve in it and also less sincerity, for a woman will reveal her heart of hearts to a friend and quarrel with her the next day because she has pirated her bonnet or alienated an admirer. Such relations never become stable or sacred between women, for they are apt to begin by chance, proceed with passion, and die at a breath. Even at fever heat a woman never gives as much to another as she gives to her lightest lover, and at any moment she is ready to sacrifice her friend at the behest of any man in whom she is momentarily interested. For his entertainment she will betray any confidence without a scruple or a regret, even if she refrains from denouncing her feminine friend to the first comer as soon as a shadow of misunderstanding has arisen between them. In the lives of most men there are only one or two friendship-bonds rivetted by years of intercourse, which nothing but undreamed-of treachery can sever. Women, on the other hand, make and discard friends with equal facility. If they are seldom true to men, their fidelity to their own sex is rarer far, for there are no Davids and

Jonathans among women, no friendships founded on mutual faith and held in honour. Until woman learns to conduct her relations with her own sex on the same principle as that on which men act, the sisterhood of woman will never come within measurable distance of the possible. She has learnt so much from man in this decade that it is not unreasonable to hope she may yet learn the true character of friendship as well as the policy of combination. When woman stands shoulder to shoulder with her sister in public and in private life, she will stand at the very gates of her kingdom, abreast of that "brave vibration, each way free."

A WOMAN OF THE DAY.

MR. COWEN'S NEW OPERA.

TO the man in the street music is music. He "admires" it, or does not "admire it," and cares very little whether it comes from the barrel-organ of Verdi or the "inspired voice and lute" of Wagner, for is not a composer a composer, whether his work ranks high with the "Götterdämmerung" or low with "Il Trovatore," or lower with "The Better Land" or "The Lost Chord"? And as most of our musical critics think somewhat after the manner of the man in the street, they have not hesitated to urge Mr. Cowen to attempt to match "Trovatore," or even the "Götterdämmerung," for he composed "The Better Land," and a composer is a composer; and since Mr. Cowen, too, apparently thinks like the man in the street, he has seen no reason why he should not attempt it. He has attempted it, in fact, three or four times, and his first serious attempt, "Thorgrim," died, in spite of the praise given to it by the *Daily Telegraph*, chiefly of a particularly fatuous and unpoetic libretto, though the music was very far from blameless in the matter. "Signa" was not given a fair chance, for some of Mr. Cowen's friends, forgetting the old fable of the bear and the man, aimed such a terrific blow at the fly, Sonzogno, who buzzed about "Signa," that she was killed on the spot, while the fly was merely brushed away. And now the name of "Harold" is to be found in the first division of the "Births, Marriages, and Deaths" column, only, I am afraid, to reappear quickly in the last, for that it will not enjoy any longer or pleasanter existence than its younger brother and sister cannot be helped. This, after all, should not surprise those of us to whom music is not merely music, but is divided into this, that, and the other kind. We can refer to Mr. Cowen's earlier work, and up to the present he has not written a bar which does not whimper his limitations as well as proclaim his powers. Whether we take his songs, or cantatas, or symphonies, or oratorios, they convince us that the man who wrote them can no more compose a great work than Milton could have written "Three Men in a Boat." Milton might protest that circumstances had been cruel, that he had written "Lycidas" and "Paradise Regained" to keep the wolf from the door, and had always intended to rise to "Three Men in a Boat"; and though, of course, we would be willing enough for him to make the attempt, we would have a latent suspicion that the attempt would remain an attempt, and nothing more. That was one's feeling with regard to Mr. Cowen, and by "Thorgrim," "Signa," and lastly "Harold," he has shown conclusively that the feeling was justified, that (figuratively) he has hitherto done nothing better than "Lycidas" and "Paradise Regained" simply because he lacks the powers to take the higher flight demanded for "Three Men in a Boat." He does not rise, because he has not wings; he never becomes poetical, because he is by nature hopelessly prosaic. These remarks are based chiefly on an examination I recently made of all Mr. Cowen's serious works, but their truth might easily be proved from "Harold" alone.

A fluent contemporary has informed the world that the Malet who plays an unimportant part in "Harold" is an ancestor of Sir E. Malet, the librettist. That is a small matter when every street loafer can trace direct descent from the pair who dislocated the original scheme of creation to an extent for which humanity has blushed once a week ever since. And however blue the blood of Sir E. Malet may be, the libretto of "Harold" is in thought and execution *bourgeois* of the *bourgeoisie*. It is a modification of the old story, and the story loses

rather than gains in force and colour by the modification. Instead of the "real" Duke of Normandy, who was nothing more or less than a fine example of the Northman pirate, cold, hard, and merciless as the seas he sailed, living by right of his sword, taking all he could get without dreaming of subtle questions of right or wrong, we are given a polite, amiable, diplomatic, drawing-room duke, with a quite poetic fervour of imagination which leads him to break out into such glowing doggerel as:

"Ambition, launch thine argosy,
And bear me o'er thy tide,
Unfurl thy swelling sails for me,
And proudly let me ride,"

doggerel which shows that even diplomatic gentlemen are not of necessity poets, a point which Sir E. Malet demonstrates here and elsewhere. Harold is an invertebrate sentimentalist, who during a momentary gust of gratitude promises to be William's faithful slave, then tries to escape from William and the promise by pretending to fall in love with William's daughter, renews the promise during a momentary gust of terror, and finally does break his promise, with a good deal of superfluous cant about his duty to his country, for which he very deservedly gets killed at last. Edith is the least tolerable maiden I have yet met with on the stage. She takes her resolve, and keeps it, certainly, but with so much fuss and pose, so much chatter about "country" and "love" and the "past," that one would prefer if she boldly forswore herself, like Harold, for the sake of England, or on any other pretence whatever, if only she would be quiet. And throughout the opera never a sentiment finds utterance that is not dear to the great heart of Peckham, nor is there an idea which has not been a petrified convention so long that it would be hissed if it dared to poke its nose into any theatre north of the Thames or east of Whitechapel. Most of the language bears a striking resemblance to that of the greengrocers who sit on coroners' inquests, and emphatically it is not the language for an opera-book. With all deference to Sir E. Malet and his ancestors I advise him to stick to his last, as they stuck to theirs, for however useful an ambassador he may be he is certainly not a good poet, and of bad poets—poets too bad even for opera librettists—we have plenty. Still, bad poetry though it is, it so happens that where the story shapes itself and Sir E. Malet has not interfered with it, one or two scenes occur which afford opportunities for forcible and brilliant musical effect; and evidently it is to these we must turn to see to what heights Mr. Cowen can rise. Consider first the scene which Sir Augustus Harris put so wonderfully on the stage, the scene in the chapel where Harold takes his oath and then finds that he has sworn upon the body of a saint. We have the imposing splendours of old Norman architecture and the associations of the ritual of the old Roman service, and then with the first phrase of "Shadows darken," sung by the choir-boys, the illusion produced by the superb scenic arrangements is shattered in a moment. This is not a question to be argued: I assert that whoever hears that vulgar phrase without shuddering at its use in such a place forfeits all claim to respect as a critic. When the pall on which Harold has sworn is lifted and discloses the deceased saint, the music is not vulgar except so far as the commonplace is always vulgar, for it is the commonest and cheapest of commonplace. In the love scene between Harold and Edith, and their parting, in the third act, we find another opportunity lost. After a good many incoherent noises, less expressive of passion than of Mr. Cowen's wish to appear passionate, the music at last settles down to a steady drizzle of maudlin sentimentality. "In this hour of sad repining," sings Edith, unconsciously taking Messrs. Moody and Sankey as her model, "Higher hopes alone give peace," and to the same melody Harold declares that "In this hour of sad repining, There is naught can give me peace," Mr. Cowen, who seems to have no first-hand knowledge of these matters, being, apparently, under the erroneous impression that the two sentiments are identical. The patriotic music later on reminds one of the great Norwegian poet who thought he was adding an undoubted touch of English local colour to his poem when he wrote:

"Ho, Johnnie ho, how do you do?
Sing, sailor, oh!
Well! toddy is the sorrow's foe,
Sing, sailor, oh!"

But the worst failure of the opera is the last act. Of course the battle is nonsense: even a composer with genius in place of Mr. Cowen's talent could not make it otherwise; but in the scene preceding it we are compelled to breathe the last breath of Edith's sickly sentiment and sham patriotism; and in the scene that follows it, which might have been a great and beautiful scene, there is not one beautiful or expressive melody. The most potent tragedy, even the strange returning of the human spirit to its home, are powerless to move Mr. Cowen, powerless to wring one feeling phrase from him. And if he says nothing at the climaxes, how much less does he say when the drama moves at a mere pedestrian pace! A glance through the score shows him to have fallen a too willing victim to Wagnerian continuous development, that trap for lazy or uninspired composers. Under the old ordering of things, when an opera was cut up into thirty or more separate numbers, the composer was bound to come to the point at least once in each number, and generally a good deal oftener than once, or else the singers would have insisted upon the sacrifice of the number. But Wagner changed the old order, and wrote music-dramas in which the music flows along without a break from beginning to end of each act. As he had great themes to work upon, and wrote, moreover, under a high pressure of emotion, he strayed from the point so seldom that there is throughout the "Götterdämmerung" (for instance) scarcely a bar for the sake of ornament, or even balance of form, or that can be cut out without its loss being keenly felt. But our unemotional Mr. Cowen has no great themes, hardly a theme, indeed, that you can carry from the theatre in your head; and as he is never brought to the point by an overwhelming desire to utter something, nor yet by the knowledge that unless he does come to the point pretty quickly some hours of his labour will be wasted, he meanders on sweetly over page after page of the purest, undisguised padding. Generally it is too insignificant either to allure or to please you, or to have any effect beyond that of boring you as you are bored by the idle, inconsequent chatter of the ladies in a railway-carriage; but sometimes long strings of sixths with their cloying irrational sweetness make you think of the pages of his score as smeared with raspberry jam, and towards the end of the opera it is raspberry jam offered to an audience already nauseated with over-sweetness. For the result of much writing for the drawing-room is that Mr. Cowen has developed an inordinate passion for indiscriminately using all the weaker and more luscious chords from which the modern musician has full liberty to abstain. The only redeeming features are one or two drawing-room things, such as the duet in the first act; but were I in Mr. Cowen's place I should certainly burn his score, with the exception of the tender and significant phrase set to "O but to hear thy voice," and rewrite the opera, trying never to fall below the level of that phrase. But I scarcely believe that Mr. Cowen would succeed in doing this even if he tried. He has his little gifts. He writes dainty songs that serve to while away an hour and are not too exciting for these sweltering days; his dance-tunes, when he frankly writes dance-tunes, are an agreeable relief to the heavier portions of his symphonies; and if he would set out to write an entirely unimportant, unambitious, graceful, merely pretty, Dresden-china kind of opera, like his songs and dances, he might very easily produce something that would keep the stage. For when he seeks to be trivial he is serious and tolerable, but when he seeks to be serious he is vulgar and intolerable; and no "booming" will compel the public to come often to an intolerable opera.

As for the performance of "Harold," there is little either of good or ill to report. Mr. Bispham was sufficiently suave for Sir E. Malet's conception of William; Albani saved the part of Edith by singing it beautifully; Brozel made the most fatuous Harold conceivable. But the band was admirable, the chorus sang with unwonted energy and precision, and the scenery showed that Sir Augustus Harris was determined to give Harold every opportunity of ingratiating himself with the public.

There is little to be said about the Patti night at Covent Garden, save that it was a great success for the management. "La Traviata" is quite the silliest of Verdi's many silly operas, and even Patti's many gorgeous dresses did not make it tolerable to me. Probably I am wrong, but in the last act it seemed to me that she got out of bed in full ball-dress to die. She got cartloads of flowers after the third act, and the gallery applauded with some show of enthusiasm when she kissed De Lucia with a vigour that evidently astonished that gentleman; but Ancona won the only encore of the evening.

Opera has filled so much of my space that I have not room to say anything about Siegfried Wagner, or Rosenthal, the "new" pianist. They must be noticed next week with Nikisch, the "new" conductor, who plays at Queen's Hall this afternoon. I heard him rehearse the other day, and he seemed as interesting as any of the conductors heard here lately. J. F. R.

DUSE AND BERNHARDT.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER'S defence of the dramatic critics against Mr. Street's indictment of them for their indifference to acting appears to be falling through. Mr. Archer pleads that whereas Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt had frequent opportunities of comparing ambitious actors in famous parts, the modern dramatic critic spends his life in contemplating "good acting plays" without any real people in them, and performers who do not create or interpret characters, but simply lend their pretty or popular persons, for a consideration, to fill up the parts. Mr. Archer might have added another reason which applies to nearly all modern works: to wit, the operation of our copyright laws, whereby actors and actresses acquire the right not only to perform new plays but to prevent any one else from performing them. Nevertheless we critics can now at last outdo Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt if we have a mind to; for we have just had two Mrs. Ebbsmiths to compare, besides a fourth Fedora, and Duse and Sarah Bernhardt playing "La Dame aux Camélias" and Sudermann's "Heimat" against one another at Dalry Theatre and at Drury Lane. Clearly now or never is the time for a triumphant refutation of the grievance of the English actor against the English Press: namely, that hardly any critic knows enough about acting to be able to distinguish between an effective part and a well played one, or between the bag of tricks which every old hand carries and the stock of ideas and sense of character which distinguish the master-actor from the mere handy man.

This week began with the relapse of Sarah Bernhardt into her old profession of serious actress. She played Magda in Sudermann's "Heimat," and was promptly challenged by Duse in the same part at Drury Lane on Wednesday. The contrast between the two Magdas is as extreme as any contrast could possibly be between artists who have finished their twenty years apprenticeship to the same profession under closely similar conditions. Madame Bernhardt has the charm of a jolly maturity, rather spoilt and petulant, perhaps, but always ready with a sunshine-through-the-clouds smile if only she is made much of. Her dresses and diamonds, if not exactly splendid, are at least splendid; her figure, far too scantily upholstered in the old days, is at its best; and her complexion shows that she has not studied modern art in vain. Those charming roseate effects which French painters produce by giving flesh the pretty colour of strawberries and cream, and painting the shadows pink and crimson, are cunningly reproduced by Madame Bernhardt in the living picture. She paints her ears crimson and allows them to peep enchantingly through a few loose braids of her auburn hair. Every dimple has its dab of pink; and her finger-tips are so delicately incarnadined that you fancy they are transparent like her ears, and that the light is shining through their delicate blood-vessels. Her lips are like a newly painted pillar box; her cheeks, right up to the languid lashes, have the bloom and surface of a peach; she is beautiful with the beauty of her school, and entirely inhuman and incredible. But the incredibility is pardonable, because, though it is all the

greatest nonsense, nobody believing in it, the actress herself least of all, it is so artful, so clever, so well recognized a part of the business, and carried off with such a genial air, that it is impossible not to accept it with good-humour. One feels, when the heroine bursts on the scene, a dazzling vision of beauty, that instead of imposing on you, she adds to her own piquancy by looking you straight in the face, and saying, in effect: "Now who would ever suppose that I am a grandmother?" That, of course, is irresistible; and one is not sorry to have been coaxed to relax one's notions of the dignity of art when she gets to serious business and shows how ably she does her work. The coaxing suits well with the childishly egotistical character of her acting, which is not the art of making you think more highly or feel more deeply, but the art of making you admire her, pity her, champion her, weep with her, laugh at her jokes, follow her fortunes breathlessly, and applaud her wildly when the curtain falls. It is the art of finding out all your weaknesses and practising on them—cajoling you, harrowing you, exciting you—on the whole, fooling you. And it is always Sarah Bernhardt in her own capacity who does this to you. The dress, the title of the play, the order of the words may vary; but the woman is always the same. She does not enter into the leading character: she substitutes herself for it.

All this is precisely what does not happen in the case of Duse, whose every part is a separate creation. When she comes on the stage, you are quite welcome to take your opera-glass and count whatever lines time and care have so far traced on her. They are the credentials of her humanity; and she knows better than to obliterate that significant handwriting beneath a layer of peach-bloom from the chemist's. The shadows on her face are grey, not crimson; her lips are sometimes nearly grey also; there are neither dabs nor dimples; her charm could never be imitated by a barmaid with unlimited pin money and a row of footlights before her instead of the handles of a beer-engine. The result is not so discouraging as the patrons of the bar might suppose. Wilkes, who squinted atrociously, boasted that he was only quarter of an hour behind the handsomest man in Europe: Duse is not in action five minutes before she is quarter of a century ahead of the handsomest woman in the world. I grant that Sarah's elaborate Monna Lisa smile, with the conscious droop of the eyelashes and the long carmined lips coyly disclosing the brilliant row of teeth, is effective of its kind—that it not only appeals to your susceptibilities, but positively jogs them. And it lasts quite a minute, sometimes longer. But Duse, with a tremor of the lip which you feel rather than see, and which lasts half an instant, touches you straight on the very heart; and there is not a line in the face, or a cold tone in the grey shadow that does not give poignancy to that tremor. As to youth and age, who can associate purity and delicacy of emotion, and simplicity of expression, with the sordid craft that repels us in age; or voluptuous appeal and egotistical self-insistence with the candour and generosity that attract us in youth? Who ever thinks of Potiphar's wife as a young woman, or St. Elizabeth of Hungary as an old one? These associations are horribly unjust to age, and undeserved by youth: they belong of right to differences of character, not of years; but they rule our imaginations; and the great artist profits by them to appear eternally young. However, it would be a critical blunder as well as a personal folly on my part to suggest that Duse, any more than Sarah Bernhardt, neglects any art that could heighten the effect of her acting when she is impersonating young and pretty women. The truth is that in the art of being beautiful, Madame Bernhardt is a child beside her. The French artist's stock of attitudes and facial effects could be catalogued as easily as her stock of dramatic ideas: the counting would hardly go beyond the fingers of both hands. Duse produces the illusion of being infinite in variety of beautiful pose and motion. Every idea, every shade of thought and mood, expresses itself delicately but vividly to the eye; and yet, in an apparent million of changes and inflexions, it is impossible to catch any line at an awkward angle, or any strain interfering with the perfect abandonment of all the limbs to what appears to be their natural gravitation towards the finest grace. She is ambidextrous and supple, like a gymnast or a panther;

only the multitude of ideas which find physical expression in her movements are all of that high quality which marks off humanity from the animals, and, I fear I must add, from a good many gymnasts. When it is remembered that the majority of tragic actors excel only in explosions of those passions which are common to man and brute, there will be no difficulty in understanding the indescribable distinction which Duse's acting acquires from the fact that behind every stroke of it is a distinctively human idea. In nothing is this more apparent than in the vigilance in her of that high human instinct which seeks to awaken the deepest responsive feeling without giving pain. In "*La Dame aux Camellias*," for instance, it is easy for an intense actress to harrow us with her sorrows and paroxysms of phthisis, leaving us with a liberal pennyworth of sensation, not fundamentally distinguishable from that offered by a public execution, or any other evil in which we still take a hideous delight. As different from this as light from darkness is the method of the actress who shows us how human sorrow can express itself only in its appeal for the sympathy it needs, whilst striving by strong endurance to shield others from the infection of its torment. That is the charm of Duse's interpretation of the stage poem of Margaret Gauthier. It is unspeakably touching because it is exquisitely considerate: that is, exquisitely sympathetic. No physical charm is noble as well as beautiful unless it is the expression of a moral charm; and it is because Duse's range includes these moral high notes, if I may so express myself, that her compass, extending from the depths of a mere predatory creature like Claude's wife up to Marguerite Gauthier at her kindest or Magda at her bravest, so immeasurably dwarfs the poor little octave and a half on which Sarah Bernhardt plays such pretty canzonets and stirring marches.

Obvious as the disparity of the two famous artists has been to many of us since we first saw Duse, I doubt whether any of us realized, after Madame Bernhardt's very clever performance as Magda on Monday night, that there was room in the nature of things for its annihilation within forty-eight hours by so comparatively quiet a talent as Duse's. And yet annihilation is the only word for it. Sarah was very charming, very jolly when the sun shone, very petulant when the clouds covered it, and positively angry when they wanted to take her child away from her. And she did not trouble us with any fuss about the main theme of Sudermann's play, the revolt of the modern woman against that ideal of home which exacts the sacrifice of her whole life to its care, not by her grace, and as its own sole help and refuge, but as a right which it has to the services of all females as abject slaves. In fact, there is not the slightest reason to suspect Madame Bernhardt of having discovered any such theme in the play; though Duse, with one look at Schwartz, the father, nailed it to the stage as the subject of the impending dramatic struggle before she had been five minutes on the scene. Before long, there came a stroke of acting which will probably never be forgotten by those who saw it, and which explained at once why those artifices of the dressing-table which help Madame Bernhardt would hinder Duse almost as much as a screen placed in front of her. I should explain, first, that the real name of the play is not "*Magda*" but "*Home*." Magda is a daughter who has been turned out of doors for defying her father, one of those outrageous persons who mistake their desire to have everything their own way in the house for a sacred principle of home life. She has a hard time of it, but at last makes a success as an opera singer, though not until her lonely struggles have thrown her for sympathy on a fellow student, who in due time goes his way, and leaves her to face motherhood as best she can. In the fullness of her fame she returns to her native town, and in an attack of homesickness makes advances to her father, who consents to receive her again. No sooner is she installed in the house than she finds that one of the most intimate friends of the family is the father of her child. In the third act of the play she is on the stage when he is announced as a visitor. It must be admitted that Sarah Bernhardt played this scene very lightly and pleasantly: there was genuine good fellowship in the way in which she reassured the embarrassed gallant and

made him understand that she was not going to play off the sorrows of Gretchen on him after all those years, and that she felt that she owed him the priceless experience of maternity, even if she did not particularly respect him for it. Her self-possession at this point was immense: the peach-bloom never altered by a shade. Not so with Duse. The moment she read the card handed her by the servant, you realized what it was to have to face a meeting with the man. It was interesting to watch how she got through it when he came in, and how, on the whole, she got through it pretty well. He paid his compliments and offered his flowers; they sat down; and she evidently felt that she had got it safely over and might allow herself to think at her ease, and to look at him to see how much he had altered. Then a terrible thing happened to her. She began to blush; and in another moment she was conscious of it, and the blush was slowly spreading and deepening until, after a few vain efforts to avert her face or to obstruct his view of it without seeming to do so, she gave up and hid the blush in her hands. After that feat of acting I did not need to be told why Duse does not paint an inch thick. I could detect no trick in it: it seemed to me a perfectly genuine effect of the dramatic imagination. In the third act of "La Dame aux Camellias," where she produces a touching effect by throwing herself down, and presently rises with her face changed and flushed with weeping, the flush is secured by the preliminary plunge to a stooping attitude, imagination or no imagination; but Magda's blush did not admit of that explanation; and I must confess to an intense professional curiosity as to whether it always comes spontaneously.

I shall make no attempt to describe the rest of that unforgettable act. To say that it left the house not only frantically applauding, but actually roaring, is to say nothing; for had we not applauded Sarah as Gismonda and roared at Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Fedora? But there really was something to roar at this time. There was a real play, and an actress who understood the author and was a greater artist than he. And for me, at least, there was a confirmation of my sometimes flagging faith that a dramatic critic is really the servant of a high art, and not a mere advertiser of entertainments of questionable respectability of motive.

G. B. S.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.—X.

A SPECIOUS PROSPECTUS.

IN our article of 16 March we drew attention to the remarkable disparity of practice among proprietary life offices as regards the division of their surplus funds, or "profits," between policyholders and shareholders; but almost all of them agree in allotting to the shareholders a certain percentage—whether it be 3 per cent or 33 per cent—of the sum available for distribution. There are, however, two offices where the shareholders appropriate a fixed proportion of the premiums received, without regard to the amount of profit made on the business. These are the Law Union and Crown Insurance Company and the Atlas Assurance Company, the former taking 5 per cent and the latter 2 per cent of the gross premium income (less premiums on re-assurances). Each Company has just published the result of its last quinquennial investigation, and we propose to compare them. In a leaflet issued by the Law Union and Crown office we read that "many intending assurers are deterred from investigating for themselves the claims to consideration of competing life assurance companies, because of the assumption that without technical knowledge a reliable judgment on the subject cannot be formed. It is, however, as open to any intelligent person to form a correct opinion on the merits or demerits of life offices as it is to the insurance expert." A pleasant theory, truly; and one that would not, after all, be so Utopian, if only all insurance companies would consent to make straightforward statements. Let us see how the manager of the Law Union and Crown office himself fulfils this condition. The leaflet proceeds to furnish, for the guidance of the "intelligent person," a statement showing, on the one hand, the "premiums (or the price to be paid)" for Law Union and Crown policies and, on the other hand, the "profits (or the value to be received in addition to

the sum assured)." "For many years past," we are told, "the profits added to the Company's participating policies have been at the unusually high rate of £2 on each £100 assured per annum and on all previous bonuses not commuted"; which, in plain English prose, means that the Company has, at its last two valuations (in 1890 and 1895) declared a compound reversionary bonus of 2 per cent per annum on "with-profit" policies. There is no denying that the rate is "unusually high." Why, here is the Atlas Company charging higher premiums up to the age of six-and-thirty, and paying a compound bonus of only 28s. per cent per annum; and even the Scottish Widows' Fund, which charges higher premiums for all ages, can only rise to 34s. per cent! How, then, can the "intelligent person" hesitate? These "standards" of comparison, as the leaflet points out, are both "simple and effective"; so effective, indeed, that during the year 1894 no fewer than 1314 persons of more or less intelligence took out policies with the Company to the amount of upwards of a million sterling. Here is the prospect offered to endowment insurers, with whom in this series of articles we are especially concerned:

Age at Entry.	Age when payable.	Annual Premium on Policy for £1000.	Premiums accumulated at 2½ per cent compound interest.	Policy and Bonus at Maturity.	Gain as compared with a 2½ per cent investment.
		£ s. d.	£	£	£
35	50	68 2 6	1252	1331	79!
35	60	41 10 0	1453	1610	157!!
25	60	28 5 0	1590	1948	358!!!

The wonder is that, with Consols at 106 or more, and capital lying almost idle everywhere, the doors of No. 126, Chancery Lane, are not besieged by investors. Indeed, the "intelligent person" is like to lose his intelligence in amazement when he looks still more closely into the figures, and finds, for instance, that in the third of the examples we have given, he will have to pay £141 5s. during the last five years of his contract, and will then be paid in respect of those five years no less than £177, besides having his life insured meanwhile.

Nor must it be supposed that the directors forget to be just to the shareholders before they are generous to the policyholders, or that they are unmindful of the proverbial admonition that "charity begins at home." On the contrary, in their report they "recommend the payment of a dividend for the year now current of 5s. 6d. per share, free of income-tax, payable half-yearly on 31 May and 30 November, being at the rate of 45 per cent on the paid-up capital. In addition, the directors recommend the declaration of a bonus of 1s. per share payable forthwith." And presently we learn that "the Board recommend to the shareholders that their remuneration [the Board's, we presume, although the syntax here, as elsewhere in the report, is slightly obscure] should be £5000 per annum free of income-tax."

The question remains, "How is it all to be done?" We make bold to say that no one knows better than the manager that the answer is, "It is not to be done at all." The proof is not difficult. Taking the second of the three examples given above, the Company receives an annual payment of £41 10s. for twenty-five years. The expenses of management are fully 13½ per cent of the premium income: let us put them roughly at 10 per cent in this case, or £4 3s. Deducting also the shareholders' toll of 5 per cent, or £2 1s. 6d., we have a net annual payment of £35 5s. 6d., which in twenty-five years is to produce £1610. This would be possible if there were no deaths, and if the money were to accumulate at the rate of 4½ per cent compound interest; but, unhappily, insurers in the Law Union and Crown office are not immortal, and, even if they were, the average rate of interest earned by the Company is only £4 4s. 2d. per cent, so that the promised achievement would still be impossible. And, if this is true of the endowment insurances, what of the ordinary whole-life policies, on which, according to the actuary of the National Provident Institution and some other authorities, the profits are less than on endowment insurances?

But, it may be urged, there is no gainsaying the fact

that the Company has, twice running, paid this exceptional bonus. *Pace* the manager, we venture to think that some little explanation, not to be found in the prospectus, is needed to enable the "intelligent person" to form a "correct opinion" on this point. Up to the end of the year 1891, the "Law Union" and the "Crown" were two separate offices, doing between them rather more than £1,100,000 of new business annually. At the time of the amalgamation the "Crown" was paying but a moderate bonus; but the "Law Union," owing principally to a large amount of non-participating business at very high rates of premium, had, in 1890, declared a bonus 33 per cent in excess of anything it had ever produced before. Now, seeing that the shareholders' dividends vary directly as the gross premium income, and that nothing is so likely to bring in new premiums, and therefore to increase the dividends, as the declaration of a phenomenal bonus, it was clearly to the interest of the proprietors to close the "Crown" series of policies, to make the "Law Union" series the *current* series, and to advertise the exceptional results of 1890 as if they were always to be expected. This arrangement had the further advantage that, as the "Law Union" was the junior and much the smaller office of the two, there was a better chance of maintaining a high rate of bonus at the next valuation. Accordingly, the existing "Crown" policies were placed in a class apart, and all new intrants were invited to participate in the largesses of the "Law Union." So far, it must be admitted that the scheme has succeeded remarkably well. The Company, it is true, has been compelled to reduce its extravagant rates for policies without profits, and the days of reaping a golden harvest from reversions are well-nigh over; but it has been enabled to maintain its rate of bonus, and therefore also its advertisement, because the amount of new business which, but for the amalgamation, would have been divided between the "Law Union" and the "Crown" offices, is altogether disproportionate to the old business of the "Law Union" alone. Indeed, half the business included in the recent valuation was new business, and the effect of this is sufficiently apparent in the fact that, whereas the "Law Union" in 1890 distributed £108,187 among participating policies for a million and a half, the "Law Union and Crown" in 1895 finds £130,714 enough to provide for a bonus at the same rate on policies for upwards of three millions. But the policy of trying to prove that two and two make five has never yet triumphed in the long run, and if the directors desire to avoid trouble in the future, we should strongly advise the immediate revision of their most recent prospectus.

It is not necessary that we should speak at any length of the "Atlas" office, which has been established eighty-seven years and deservedly bears a high reputation. The following table shows the results of effecting for fifteen, twenty-five, and thirty-five years an endowment insurance for £1000, assuming the rate of bonus just declared to be maintained:

Age at Entry.	Age when payable.	Annual Premium.	Premiums accumulated at 3½ per cent compound interest.	Policy and Bonus at Maturity.	Loss as compared with a 2½ per cent investment.
		£ s. d.	£	£	£
35	50	69 0 0	1267	1225	42
35	60	41 14 2	1459	1402	57
25	60	28 14 2	1615	1605	10

Some offices, no doubt, offer better prospects for the shorter terms, but the result for a policy for thirty-five years is about as good as can be obtained anywhere. The reserves are much stronger than those of the "Law Union and Crown," and really deserve the credit, to which that office unjustifiably lays claim, of conforming to the "strictest actuarial tests"; and the shareholders, as already stated, are content with 2 per cent of the premiums instead of 5 per cent. In short, there is every reason to think that the bonus of the one Company will be maintained, and that that of the other will fall; but how the average insurer is to discover this with nothing but his natural intelligence and the manager of the "Law Union and Crown" to guide him is a problem which we must leave to the intelligence of our readers.

MONEY MATTERS.

BY far the most important event in the City this week was the confirmation of the report, on which we commented in our last number, of a Russian loan to China of £16,000,000. The loan is guaranteed by the Russian Government, with the Customs revenue of the Treaty Ports as security, and it has been taken up by financial houses of the first rank in Paris and St. Petersburg. There can be no doubt as to its success. Altogether, Prince Lobanoff and M. de Witte have won a conspicuous diplomatic triumph. They are lending money to China, virtually at the expense of French investors, and have thereby gained a position of advantage in the Far East, the results of which are likely to affect most seriously the interests of the other European Powers. There can be no doubt that Russia will seek some territorial compensation from China in return for her judicious generosity, and her position as creditor will give her numberless opportunities for pursuing her favourite policy of aggression. China, in fact, seems about to become the Turkey of the Far East.

The Stock Exchange Settlement and the call due on the United States Four per Cent loan had no appreciable effect on the Money Market. Money was in good demand, but the supply of it was abundant. Loans were freely negotiated at $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent from day to day, and at $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for short periods. The discount market was quiet, in spite of fair business being done, and there was a weak tendency in the rates. Consols declined to 106 $\frac{1}{8}$ for money and 106 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the account. Home and Colonial Corporation Stocks were generally strong. The Bank rate remains at 2 per cent.

Little business was done on the Stock Exchange during the week. There is only one failure to be recorded, and that of no great importance, in the South African Market. Owing to the Settlement, few fresh transactions were entered into; but the markets, after being dull on Monday and Tuesday, owing to the weakness of the Paris Bourse and a heavy fall in Spanish Four per Cents, regained a firm tone in most departments because of the recovery in Spanish Stock and the Foreign Market generally. The rise is attributed to the operations of French financiers, whose interest it is to keep the foreign markets firm in view of the issue of the Russo-Chinese loan towards the end of the month. This loan is, it is said, to be issued at 98 $\frac{1}{2}$. In Paris it is already at 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ premium.

In the Home Railway Market transactions were few. Early in the week the market, though inactive, was steady, chiefly because of the good returns of the South-Eastern and Brighton Railways; and there were anticipations of the other returns being also very favourable. But these anticipations were scarcely realized, and the result was dullness of the market, with a weak tendency. Some of the most noteworthy increases in the weekly receipts were: Lancashire and Yorkshire £39,744, North-Eastern £21,359, Great Eastern £11,728, South-Eastern £10,897, London and South-Western £8,478, Great Western £6,430, London and Chatham £5,048, London and Brighton £3,536. Midland, after last week's recovery, again showed a serious decrease, £11,377; and London and North-Western £6,671.

American Railways fluctuated strangely in the earlier part of the week, except with regard to bonds, which were firm in consequence of large dealings. Later on a steadier tendency was perceptible. The prospects of American Railways seem good so far as they depend on favourable reports regarding the crops and the advices from the manufacturing districts. Realizations, too, have not been numerous.

The publication of a good traffic return on Tuesday drove Canadian Pacifics to 54 $\frac{1}{2}$, and to 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ on Thursday, whilst Grand Trunk First and Second Preference touched 38 $\frac{1}{2}$, and 25 $\frac{1}{2}$. A bad traffic return and the prospect of a war of tariffs caused depression in Mexican Railways. South American Railway stocks were dull and irregular.

The fluctuations of Spanish Four per Cents gave the tone to the Foreign Market. Business was quiet, and early in the week there was a tendency to flatness in the market owing to continued French sales of Spanish Four per Cents. Subsequently there was a general recovery, owing to repurchases of the Spanish stock by operators for the fall; but the rise was only momentary. The decline in the gold premium had a favourable effect on Argentine Government loans and the various Cédulas. The premium on the Chilean Loan was quoted at 2½ on Thursday.

The Settlement afforded no considerable difficulties in the South African Mining Market, and this, taken together with the publication of the splendid returns of the Rand mines for the month, gave an upward tendency to prices in the better class of concerns. Paris operators, too, have renewed buying. Business in the general Mining Market has been very restricted, and the tone was weak. There were no important movements in copper shares. Silver was steady, at about 30½d. per ounce.

We are glad to learn from the telegrams published in Wednesday's *Times* that Lord Fingall, with the assistance of the managing director of the Londonderry Gold Mine at Coolgardie, has succeeded in striking "rich ore," a lode "very rich in gold," news of which has been expected with some anxiety by the unhappy shareholders. All praise is due to the directors of the Londonderry Gold Mine for their laudable endeavours to relieve this anxiety; but they could scarcely have reckoned on the assistance of the "absolutely unbiassed" Mr. Kaufman, of the F. A. Thompson group, who cabled to the West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation "in the interest of Western Australia generally," and presumably at the expense of the Corporation: "Driving south level Londonderry at a depth of 100 ft. the ore is richer than ever." This advice should be interpreted to mean that Londonderry shares should be left to the holders of them.

NEW ISSUES.

MORE INCANDESCENT ILLUSIONS.

THE NETHERLANDS INCANDESCENT GAS LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED.

In criticizing the prospectus of the English Incandescent Gas Share Company, Limited, in a recent issue, we expressed some surprise that the promoters of that concern, the Incandescent Gas Light Company, Limited, should, pending the result of the litigation in which they are engaged with the De Mare Incandescent Gas Light Company, have thought proper to launch still another subsidiary Company upon the assumption that they are in possession of an absolute monopoly in regard to incandescent gas light patents. We are now more surprised than interested to find the prospectus of the Netherlands Incandescent Gas Light Company—a second offshoot of a too fruitful parent. This concern has been formed for the purpose of exploiting in Holland the vaunted Welsbach system, and the shares of the Company are offered to the public by Messrs. F. C. Stoop & Co. at the now usual 5s. premium. Without pausing to criticize this prospectus in detail, we should like to ask the Incandescent Gas Light Company if they propose to go on in this fashion? To promote a fresh Company once every two or three months seems to us a tempting of fortune. Is it possible that they are anxious to get these subsidiary Companies floated before their case with the De Mare Company comes on for hearing? It must be obvious to the least intelligent that if the De Mare Company succeeds in the action which the Incandescent Company has brought against it, the latter must suffer to an extent which it is hardly possible to estimate. The De Mare Company has a really wonderful light—that is admitted; and advantages of economy and general efficiency are claimed for it over the products of the Welsbach patents. If the De Mare people can show that their patents do not infringe those of the Incandescent Company, it is safe to say that Incandescent shares will fall heavily. We express no opinion one way or the other, but we strongly advise

investors, as we have advised them before, not to have anything to do with the shares of these subsidiary promotions of the Incandescent Gas Light Company, until, at all events, that Company has fully established its title to the monopoly which it claims.

THE CEYLON TEA TRUST, LIMITED.

There would not appear to be much in common between a Company of this description and a Company formed for purely mining purposes; it is a little surprising, therefore, to discover that the Nugget Exploring Company (the prospectus of which was adequately dealt with in our issue of 16 March) is actually promoting this Ceylon Tea Trust Company as well as appealing for subscriptions from the public on its behalf. When we take into consideration the dubious prospects of that Nugget Exploring Company we should be disinclined to regard favourably any project which might suffer under its commendation; but the prospectus of the Ceylon Tea Trust Company is of such a character that it scarcely needs the hall-mark of the Nugget Exploring Company, or the London Mining and Investment Corporation to demonstrate its disingenuousness. The capital of the Company is £60,000 in ten-shilling shares, and 60,000 of these shares are offered for subscription. The Company is not at present in possession of property of any sort or description, but the direction "have in view" the purchase of several estates, and it is said that they have "practically arranged to acquire" the Oolapane Estate—whatever that may be. The prospectus says that this estate can be acquired "on terms most favourable to the shareholders," but omission is carefully made of all particulars of those "favourable terms." In point of fact, the alleged prospect of acquiring this Oolapane property seems to be really all that this Nugget-Exploring-Tea-Trust concern has to go upon. The waiver clause is in itself complete enough to constitute a warning.

THE CIGAR-MAKING MACHINE COMPANY, LIMITED.

It is some time now since investors had before them a Company which claimed that it would effect a revolution in any particular industry, and that is what the Cigar-Making Machine Company, Limited, says it is going to do with the cigar industry. To be perfectly frank, the revolutionizing Companies have not, as a rule, done good to anybody but their promoters—and what a ghastly record of their failures one can, almost without effort, call to mind! There was Water Gas, the Linotype, the Glass Bottle Industries, the Hansard Union, the Bread Union, the China Clay Union, the Sardine Union, the Automatic Photograph Machine, and a host of others. Scarcely a solitary "industry" but has at one time or another fallen victim to the industrious Company-promoter. But it would be manifestly unfair to judge this, the latest, revolutionizer by its predecessors; let us look at the prospectus. The capital is £100,000 in shares of £1 each, 52,000 of which are offered for subscription at a premium of 5s. per share. The Company is formed to acquire the letters patent for Great Britain and Ireland of a cigar-making machine, the property of a Belgian Company which has been in existence one year. It is stated that this Belgian Company has been very successful in its operations, but the prospectus gives no details or even particulars in regard to its trading. At the head of the prospectus the following information is given: "A Belgian banker writes that on 4 June, 1895, at the weekly public sales on the Brussels Stock Exchange (Bourse), the Belgian Company's shares of the nominal value of 500 f. (£20) each, were sold at 1,450 f. (£58) each." This, we suppose, is the excuse for the premium of 5s. per share; but why not give that Belgian banker's name, and make him famous? None of the directors have any knowledge of, or connection with, the cigar or tobacco trades; there is no expert opinion printed in the prospectus in regard to the machine, and no less than £60,000 has to be paid for the patent rights. Moreover, the prospectus gives no information as to where it is possible to inspect the machine, and, therefore, it is to be presumed that the promoters do not wish it to be inspected. On the whole we are inclined to think that this Cigar-making Machine Company will not be very successful.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COST OF THE MILLIONAIRE.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

UPPER EDMONTON, 8 June, 1895.

SIR,—I am rejoiced to see the first two-thirds of Mr. Wm. Smart's article under the above title in your issue of to-day, because he puts in print ideas that I had formed for myself two years ago.

It is quite true, and yet frequently forgotten, that the cost of a man to the race is only the value of the things that he personally consumes. For a labouring man this sum is between £7 and £10 a year, for a rich man it is from £20 to £40.

The newspaper that first recognizes and teaches this truth and the consequences that follow from it will lead all the worthy public opinion of the next thirty years.

The first two-thirds of Mr. Smart's article contains the very kernel of socio-economic truth, but the latter third shows that he is not yet quite freed from prejudice. He condemns Mr. Vanderbilt for building an enormously expensive house. I, on the other hand, praise the millionaire, because the work of building it gave employment to talent that would else have had to lie latent, to the great distress of its possessors.

The real object of civilization is the encouragement of talent. One man, A, may spend, say, £100,000 in erecting a hundred ordinary semi-detached suburban villas, giving houseroom to a hundred families, but the execution of this work only gives employment to ordinary people at ordinary labour for ordinary bread and butter.

Another man, B, spends the £100,000 on a single house, but that house is a palace. Its designing and building gave congenial work to scores of talented brothers, cousins, and uncles of the humdrum toilers employed by A.

The civilization that condemned a born sculptor to spend his days as an ordinary stonemason would condemn itself, and so on with all the other arts.

Great centres of expenditure are as needful to civilization and as beneficial as great centres of production. Hoping that you will find room for this in your columns, —I am, yours truly, WM. MUIR.

THE POET AS THEOLOGIAN.

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

LYMINGTON, HANTS, 8 June.

SIR,—I have to thank you for the considerate and therefore flattering article in the *Saturday Review*. I have only to complain that the writer puts me on the side of the Priests instead of the Prophets, whereas my sympathies are, and always have been, quite the other way.—I am, Sir, yours truly, COVENTRY PATMORE.

"WE DO ALL PRAY FOR MERCY."

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*.

LONDON, 10 June, 1895.

SIR,—I have read the statement you refer to in your last impression regarding the two reviews published in the *Saturday* of Mr. Lazarus' book. Your comment upon it is: "Mr. Lazarus falsifies the first notice by partial quotation and by absolute misquotation." You further say that he attempts to bring out a contrast between the two notices "by picking out a part of a sentence in the first review which misrepresents the whole notice." Do you not think that a quotation or two from the original review would make things clearer?—Yours faithfully, A CONSTANT READER.

[The first notice was as condemnatory as the second. Here is a fair excerpt from it that Mr. Lazarus has taken good care not to quote: "The plan of the book is extremely tortuous and involved. Indeed, we have never wrestled with a more unreadable book," and so forth. Months after this review had appeared a second copy of the book was sent to us. We overlooked the first notice, and had it reviewed for the second time. Both reviewers condemned the book, and both were independent judges.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

JOHN RUSSELL COLVIN.

"Rulers of India. John Russell Colvin, the last Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West under the Company." By Sir Auckland Colvin, V.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., C.I.E., lately Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1895.

SIR AUCKLAND COLVIN'S contribution to the excellent series, of which it forms the concluding volume, is none the less interesting from the circumstance that it is avowedly an apology. Every one must sympathize with the loyal efforts of a son to rescue his father's memory from undeserved disparagement. Sir Auckland's object in the present volume is to clear away certain impressions, which, owing to the accidents of official life, or the unfairness of historians, have sunk into the public mind with regard to his father's Indian career, and which are not, he considers, justified by the real facts of the case. Mr. John Russell Colvin had the misfortune to be intimately connected with two episodes in Anglo-Indian history which Englishmen cannot recall without regret. He was private secretary to Lord Auckland when the ill-fated project of replacing Dost Mahomed on the throne of Cabul by an incapable pretender was preparing the way for the greatest disaster that English arms have ever encountered in the East; and he was in command of the North-West Provinces when, in 1857, the total unpreparedness of the ruling power to meet a sudden outbreak resulted in a wholesale administrative collapse and the paralysis, for the time being, of all authority. He died, absolutely broken down by the strain of his position, a few days before the fall of Delhi, and, accordingly, shared in none of the triumphs with which British courage and persistence were ultimately rewarded. The stigma of non-success has remained upon his reputation, and his son—himself an Indian official of exceptional ability and distinction—has felt a natural and laudable desire to remove it. Sir Auckland has been fortunate in obtaining access to several new and important sources of authoritative information. Lord Auckland's Minutes and Letters, in forty-four large manuscript volumes, have been discovered. The India Office has contributed several despatches of the Secret Committee of the East India Company, not previously published, and, though most of Mr. Colvin's own papers perished in the Mutiny, his diary for the years during which he was private secretary survives and contains many valuable extracts from contemporary letters. These materials have been skilfully and conscientiously employed, and if the author has not, in our opinion, altogether achieved his aim, his failure must be held to arise rather from the intangible character of the charges which he had to meet than from the weakness of his cause or any lack of judicious advocacy on his own part.

As to a large portion of the story no difference of opinion exists. It is beyond dispute that Mr. John Colvin was an excellent specimen of a justly honoured class of officials, and in every grade of the service attained well merited distinction. He left Haileybury loaded with honours, and never lost his college tastes. He loved good books and good talk, was one of the intimate associates whom Macaulay loved to gather about his breakfast-table, and was a leading spirit among the most advanced and liberal-minded advocates of improvement at a period when improvement was marching very fast indeed. On his aid Macaulay relied in the famous controversy which ended in public education being based on European, as opposed to Oriental, studies. The revenue policy, inaugurated by Mr. Colvin in Hyderabad, which substituted the joint responsibility of the village community for the sole liability of the individual taxpayer, was recognized as an important discovery and speedily adopted in Upper India. In later years his zeal and acumen did much to raise the Company's Chief Appellate Court, on the Bench of which Lord Dalhousie had placed him, from the disrepute into which it had sunk; and when the Mutiny burst, it found him deeply immersed, as Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, in the multifarious schemes of improvement for which his position gave scope, and which, as developed

by Mr. Colvin's successors—among them, notably, the author of the work now under review—have placed that province among the most prosperous and best administered portions of British India. His reputation, with the two exceptions above-mentioned, ranks with the fairest and best in the long list of distinguished Indian civilians. What is to be said, then, of those instances in which he is alleged to have fallen short of the standard of excellence?

The first charge we understand to be that Lord Auckland, having left his Council behind him at Calcutta, was largely influenced by the three secretaries who attended him, Macnaghten, Colvin, and Torrens: that they were the real authors of the policy of a forcible intervention in Cabul, and must be held responsible for the disaster which it entailed. This view, which has the high sanction of Sir John Kaye, is, according to Sir Auckland Colvin, disproved by official documents now available, showing the instructions under which Lord Auckland acted, the measures indicated for his adoption, and the source from which they emanated—viz. the President of the Board of Control in London. The policy of 1838 was, he contends, not that of Lord Auckland's Indian subordinates but of his English masters. In support of this contention the author gives an interesting sketch of the events which led up to the critical position with which Lord Auckland found himself confronted in 1838. The difficulty was one of old standing. As far back as 1809 the English Government, alarmed at Napoleon's programme of Asiatic conquest, had come to an agreement with Persia for mutual assistance against an invading enemy. A more definite treaty to the same effect had been signed in 1814: but Russian aggression against Persia had been vigorous and persistent; province after province had been torn from her, and in 1834 the ascendancy of St. Petersburg at the court of Teheran was complete, and the Persian sovereign, a mere Russian tool, was threatening Herat. At Cabul, Dost Mahomed, having ousted the rival branch of the sovereign family, was planning the recovery of Peshawur, which the Sikhs had seized. Shah Shuja, the dethroned sovereign, was watching his chances on the frontier. His nephew held a precarious chiefship at Herat. Runjit Singh, whose formidable army was a source of anxiety to his English neighbours, was bent on despoiling the Amirs of Sindh. In 1836 Lord Auckland had received a despatch, in which the Board of Control discussed the situation, indicated the necessity of a closer observation of the affairs of Cabul, and the possibility that "active interference might become necessary, either to prevent the extension of Persian influence in that quarter, or to raise a timely barrier against the impending encroachments of Russian influence." We must not attempt to follow Sir A. Colvin through his account of Lord Auckland's endeavours to carry out the policy thus enjoined. Suffice it to say that they were completely unsuccessful. When, two years later, he reviewed the position, he admitted that everything had in the meantime gone from bad to worse. The British envoy had quitted Cabul, leaving a Russian envoy in possession. The efforts of English diplomacy to secure influence at Teheran had proved abortive. The project of replacing the Persian treaty of 1814 by a cordon of friendly States had utterly collapsed. Persia, with the connivance of Russia, was menacing Herat; Dost Mahomed was longing to make a dash at Peshawur; Shah Shuja was awaiting the moment for re-establishing himself in Cabul; Runjit Singh could scarcely be restrained from using his formidable army for purposes of aggression in Sindh. No course, Lord Auckland considered, was open to him but to unite with Runjit Singh in supporting Shah Shuja. We know the result of that determination. We know, too, some of the causes of its failure, foremost among them the circumstance that Shah Shuja was, contrary to official belief, a powerless creature, utterly unfit for the daring task to which he was committed. Whether the whole policy was misconceived or whether it might not at some later stage have been retrieved by more judicious arrangements are points which we will not now discuss. It ended in a dismal catastrophe, and we cannot see that any argument, which Sir Auckland Colvin adduces, can serve to remove the stigma which such a failure attaches to Lord Auckland's reputation as a

statesman. The English Government, no doubt, concurred in a policy which was the natural outcome of their own instructions. But the responsibility for the misfortune must primarily rest on the Governor-General, with whom the decision rested, and, so far as a subordinate can be held responsible for his superior's acts, upon his official advisers. Sir Auckland adduces much evidence of the close intimacy which existed between Lord Auckland and his secretaries, especially Mr. Colvin; and there is accordingly more than ordinarily strong reason for supposing that Mr. Colvin's advice was among the determining forces which influenced his course of action.

Mr. Colvin was equally unfortunate in his connection with the Mutiny. He was in the very centre of the storm, and nowhere was the British Administration less prepared for the strain of a great emergency. The proportion of European troops to native, which in the Punjab was 1 to 3, stood in the North-Western Provinces at 1 to 10, and in Oudh at 1 to 11. He was surrounded by a population which was to a man on the side of the mutineers; it was the recruiting ground of the rebellious Sepoy; he had but a handful of troops to oppose to some 42,000 mutineers. The Europeans at Agra were frightened and angry, and spoke and acted as men will whose wives and children are in jeopardy. Mr. Colvin did his best, struggled manfully against overwhelming difficulties, held the rudder literally with a dying hand, and succumbed at the very moment when the fall of Delhi altered the whole complexion of the struggle and made the task of the British comparatively light. He had the misfortune, too, shortly before his death, to issue a proclamation which, from an accidental error in its English wording, seemed open to serious objection, was howled at by the European community, and censured and rescinded by Lord Canning. "There grew with the years," says his biographer, "round his name a legend of some want of vigour in meeting the great crisis of 1857." Sir Auckland Colvin's narrative leaves us rather with the impression of a loyal, high-minded, and courageous gentleman, standing firm against odds which he felt to be overwhelming, and giving the last hours of his life to the service of his country in a terrible emergency. For such men, let legends say what they may, history will reserve an honoured page.

LION HUNTING IN SOMALILAND.

"Lion Hunting in Somaliland." By Captain C. J. Melliss. London: Chapman & Hall. 1895.

CAPTAIN MELLISS would have added to the interest of his account of a recent shooting expedition in Somaliland, as well as the practical usefulness for sportsmen, had he provided a map, which could have been very easily formed by any skilled cartographer from the notes of marches and encampments which are recorded clearly enough, though they occupy no great space in his book. From Zaila, where he had done five months' pleasant exile some half dozen years before, "pig-sticking" the wart-hog over a grass country favourable for that amusement, he went on to Berbera, whence, after two days' preparations, he set out with a *kafilah* or caravan of ten camels, twelve Somalis, and two donkeys. A two months' supply of provisions and an Abyssinian pony completed the equipment. His destination was the Haud, a waterless plateau about one hundred and fifty miles distant in the interior.

After the maritime plain had been left behind, during the third day's march, the caravan entered a well-wooded country, where in the numerous wadis, mimosa tree and date palm were festooned with luxuriant growth of creepers, while birds of brilliant plumage filled the jungle with life. Captain Melliss used to start with his caravan at earliest dawn before the moonlight or starlight had yielded to the light of day. The cool of dawn and again the quiet and cool evening were pleasant enough, but the burning heat of daytime was trying, especially as forced marches had to be made, and bustards and other game shot for the pot. The game along the route chiefly consisted of gazelle (gerenook, awal, and dhero), with little sand antelopes, guinea-fowl, and bustards, while at night jackal and hyæna serenaded the camp. At last the Haud was reached, and plenty of larger game, oryx

and hartebeest, supplied the camp with meat, and the spoor of lions began to be found. A Somali soon brought news of the brutes themselves, and after a fast ride, Captain Melliss found himself for the first time in the presence of two full-grown lions.

"The absolute bliss of that moment is, of course, indescribable. Here I had two lions, actually waiting for me, all to myself, a vast plain on all sides, clear of jungle as a lawn, not another bush even in sight. I was going to get them—or they get me—that was the only uncertainty in the whole thing." Thus Captain Melliss describes what he considers a perfect situation; and, no doubt, while the freshness of novelty invested them with its glamour, such experiences must have been all that he tells us to one in whom that persistently developed ancestral instinct, the love of sport, is evidently found in its utmost intensity. Captain Melliss is, indeed, more proficient with the rifle than the pen, but the simplicity or crudeness of his writing is not without its merit, producing, as it does, the impression of veracity, of mere accurate reporting without the slightest striving after effect. One of his two first lions was black-maned—"a rich black on the shoulders, with bright deep yellow on the head and cheeks"—the other had a rich brown mane with a shade of red in it. What struck Captain Melliss particularly on first seeing a lion in the wild state was that its loins and hindquarters had a proportional appearance of power with the rest of its body; for there was none of the slack, weedy appearance behind that is so noticeable in the caged lion. The lions were quickly skinned, and the skins, with the great heads and paws intact, tied behind a couple of horsemen. A man may be permitted to break into rhapsody over his first day's lion shooting, and our author does so without hesitation or apology. "What a ride back was that over the breezy rolling *bān*! I shall never forget the pleasure of it. What a paradise the country seemed as my eyes wandered from the two great heads at the cruppers to the wild herds scattered over the plain! The Somalis, too, rejoiced. Men, women, and children flocked out from their zarebas to gaze at and touch the lions' heads," much as the Jewish women receiving David returning from the slaying of Goliath.

In the early mornings Captain Melliss and his two Shikaris used to strike into the jungle, which was full of game; "but it was the lion's great pawmark broadly written on the soft earth that sent a thrill through one: then it was that the spirit of the jungle took its strongest hold."

It was after a very bad day's work, in which several antelopes were wounded but nothing brought to bag, that there commenced a run of luck with lions that may be fairly described as extraordinary. To begin with, two little lion cubs were captured and kept in the camp after the lioness had been shot, and, after waiting unsuccessfully a few days for the lion, Captain Melliss moved to a jungle not far from the mountains, a spot where he remained the rest of his leave. The first thing the party came upon, as they rode into this jungle, were two lionesses and two cubs. The lionesses were brought to bay and shot, one of them charging to within a few yards of the sportsman, and after a struggle the savage young cubs, much older and larger than the first captured, were mastered. One of them survived, but could not be approached until the little cubs first taken were brought to her, when the three became a happy family, comparatively tame and manageable. Four lions out of five fell in the next good day's sport, and then came a red-letter day, in the last hours of which he bagged five lionesses, though, being dead beat, he shot so badly at the fourth lioness that she very nearly caught him. The most exciting form of the sport, however, was not to ride up on foot to lions and dismount to shoot, as Captain Melliss usually did, but was to track a lion's spoor and follow him up on foot into the thick jungle, an exciting experience which our author several times enjoyed with the keenest appreciation.

What will strike the sporting reader most in this record of lion-killing extraordinary, is the ease with which one or two well-directed shots killed or disabled this formidable wild beast; but the fact is the lion, however great his strength, is a soft animal, and Captain Melliss used a Magnum 500 Express of Tolleys, firing six drams of

powder and pure lead solid bullets, a far heavier battery than Mr. Selous considers necessary for lions. The pig-sticking adventures are less interesting, though the hand-to-hand fight with a great boar, when Captain Melliss had to go in on foot into the thick jungle, recalls Mr. Swinburne's fine description in "Atalanta" of the slaying of the Calydonian boar, and it is interesting to observe how the plain record of the sportsman literally corroborates the vivid picture of the poet's imagination. The illustrations are mostly from photographs made by the author, and as far as they go are an excellent supplement to the letterpress. The frontispiece, however, seems to be a work of fancy, and therefore compares unfavourably with the plain workmanlike character of the other illustrations, and, indeed, of the book itself in general.

A NEW EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.

"A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare." Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. X. "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1895.

THE grace before meat, which Charles Lamb thought it becoming to say on opening a good book, can be trustfully pronounced when a new volume of Mr. Furness's "Shakespeare" is placed before the student, and even while the cover is still unraised—"For what we are about to receive, make us truly thankful." We are given the good gifts of accurate scholarship, wide research, sound judgment, and these without editorial arrogance, or egotism, or spleen. Mr. Furness's nearest approach to severity is an amused smile at critical ineptitude or conjectural absurdity. "Where is Demetrius?" cries Lysander in his passion:

"Oh, how fit a word

Is that vile name to perish on my sword."

The editor cannot forbear the pleasure of quoting a wise German, Tiessen, in whose sleek, smooth head, Titania might have loved to stick musk roses: "We would be grateful to editors if they would only tell us why the 'name' of Demetrius should be thus referred to. Is there a covert reference to *demit*—i.e. to humble, to subject, or to *meat* which is stuck on a spit?" As weary examiners, by the time they have reached the nine hundredth paper, lose a relish for the plums of inspired ignorance, Mr. Furness might have forgotten how to smile. But with an air of sadness, he is exhilarated by Tiessen's profundity, adding his own comment "Demetrius, I suppose. This insight of the way in which a learned German reads his Shakespeare would be interesting if it were not so depressing." In his "Hamlet" he cites Leo's reformation of the line "A very, very—pajock." Hamlet, according to that ingenious critic, says "A very, very—," and then hems "in a rather characteristic way"; the word "pajock" is clearly an error for the intended stage direction "hiccups." Mr. Furness asks the natural question, "Can this be surpassed?" We are not sure that the mild orb of Leo does not wane before the fiery splendour of Tiessen, with his De-meat-rius on the spit. But each is learned, each painful (in the old and modern meanings of that word), and each "A very, very—" German improver of our poor English.

After five volumes of his Variorum edition had appeared, Mr. Furness altered his plan; he ceased to form a text of his own, reprinted from the First Folio with all its errors, and threw upon the student the task of constructing a better text than that of 1623. We regret his decision. No one who seriously cares for Shakespeare can find any difficulty in procuring a facsimile of the First Folio; in the case of certain plays the earlier quartos are no less important. There cannot be a doubt that in a thousand instances any good modern text comes nearer to what Shakespeare wrote than does the careless handiwork of Heminge and Condell. We want to have before our eyes the words of Shakespeare, not the blunders of a compositor, and it is certain that there is less of Shakespeare in the text which Mr. Furness now prints than in the text which a critic as judicious and as conservative as his present editor could himself exhibit. In one instance, indeed, Mr. Furness has to add from the quartos a line which dropped out when "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was reprinted

for the Folio. "Who am I," asks the most modest of scholars, "that I should thrust myself in between the student and the text, as though in me resided the power to restore Shakespeare's own words?" But the truth is that he thrusts the compositors of 1623 between us and Shakespeare; they were not sacred persons, nor is their work of sacrosanct authority. By a comparison of all the original sources and a cautious use of the contributions of editors from Rowe to the present time, we can at least approximate to Shakespeare's words. With the best modern text and separate reprints of Folio and Quarto, the student has the beginning and the end in view, and he can work backwards or forwards at his pleasure. But it is surely best to start from what the poet wrote, and if the editors have not helped us to discover this, where is the justification of the weary task of collation and commentatorship?

Mr. Furness is little interested in ascertaining the dates of the composition of Shakespeare's plays, while he dutifully supplies all the materials for forming an opinion. To ascertain the chronology of the plays seems to him only a matter of curious speculation, of no importance except in relation to Shakespeare's biography; the dates "have as much relevancy to the plays themselves as has a chemical analysis of the paper of the Folio or of the ink of the Quartos." Perhaps it is needless to protest against this heresy. Each individual work of art may indeed stand isolated, and possess a beauty and a meaning of its own; but it is also a member of a group, it is one of a community; certain lines of force run through it and beyond it, and these are a portion of its being. "There were four apples on a bough" in Mr. Swinburne's poem of August. Would the bough be quite the same if three of the apples were plucked away? or would the remaining apple appear quite the same? So, if we pluck away the "Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline" and "Pericles," does "The Tempest" remain exactly what it was? Certainly the romantic bough is no longer what it had been with its wealth of fraternal fruit—

"Gold stained on red that all might see

The sweet blood filled them to the core"—

and this is not merely a piece of the tree's biography; it is part of the tree's opulence of beauty.

On the difficult question of the duration of the action in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mr. Furness has much to say, and says it happily. "In 'Othello' many days are compressed into thirty-six hours; in 'The Merchant of Venice' three hours are made equivalent to three months." Here at the opening of the play the May-day wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta is four days distant; but somehow the time has passed as in a dream before we are aware, and no calendar, unless it be Bottom's, can explain the facts. Shakespeare, according to Mr. Furness, has fallen into no undesigned error, but has cheated our sense of time; he has wound up his two clocks, the one retarding, the other accelerating; and we are in the realm of faery, where hours and days are and are not. In the instance of "Othello," and in that of "The Merchant of Venice," the use of some such device is obvious; in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the motive is less apparent. The moon waxes and wanes in a manner unknown to the moons of astronomy. And midsummer comes before May has yet begun. We have all been under the spell, and to questions as to material facts can only reply, like Lysander, "amazedly, half sleep, half waking."

THE QUEEN'S (ROYAL WEST SURREY) REGIMENT.

"The History of the Second, Queen's Royal Regiment, now the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment." By Lieutenant-Colonel John Davis, F.S.A., commanding 3rd Battalion the Queen's (Royal West Surrey) Regiment. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1895.

HOW much our army stands in need of full and reliable regimental histories only those who may have endeavoured to minutely trace the part taken by one of our regiments or battalions in campaigns even of twenty years ago can fully realize. It may not be absolutely essential that officers and men of to-day should be familiar with the details of Sedgemoor, or

Almanza, or even Minden. Such actions may be rather of antiquarian than of tactical interest, but it is surely desirable that the representatives of the men who won Albuera, Inkerman, or who carried through the siege of Delhi, should find in the records of their regiments some satisfactory if comparatively brief account of those Homeric struggles. Alas! in the vast majority of cases all that regiments have in the way of histories are those bald compilations, "published by authority," which are almost caricatures of what they are pretentiously labelled to be. But there is a happy mean between the too little and the too much. Pious hands may well be employed in reverently collecting the *disjecta membra* of battalions and companies long since departed, but it is unnecessary to rear too cumbrous monuments where simple headstones will suffice and are perhaps more appropriate. The British soldier is not a reading man, nor is his officer either for the matter of that, even in these days of examinations, and staff colleges, and war games. If the history of the gallant Second Queen's, from 1661 to 1799, fill three octavo volumes of some 400 pages each, in how many can the remaining period be adequately dealt with? And how many officers and men will wade through so much reading in these busy bustling days? Here we are confronted with two interesting problems which we commend to the authors and publishers who may be contemplating similar and most desirable additions to our military literature. In a previous notice of the first of the volumes before us we suggested that the account of the occupation of Tangiers, an event most noteworthy in itself, occupied an altogether disproportionate space in a history which was primarily intended to be that of a regiment alone. Our author has bestowed so much care and attention on the work before us that it is a most ungracious and invidious task to do otherwise than praise the result of so much industry. But misplaced energy not unfrequently defeats its own end, and the bulk alone of these volumes, although they are built up with solid erudition, will frighten, we fear, more readers than they will attract. Under another name the scholarship and painstaking research of Colonel Davis would meet with more recognition. As it is, the student of military history will often, we fear, turn aside from his portentous work to consult records which, if more meagre, are at any rate more likely to be within his reach. The 2nd Queen's Regiment was originally raised for the defence of Tangiers, that valuable acquisition of territory having come into our hands through the marriage of Charles the 2nd with Catherine of Braganza. It is, however, scarcely judicious to devote one entire volume to the history of that place, and to an account of its topography. The 2nd Queen's was also at Sedgemoor, and every officer who has, or has had, the honour to wear their uniform, will undoubtedly be anxious to know something in detail as to how the regiment bore itself on that eventful day. But is it necessary that, before the battle is touched upon, he should be given an account of the deathbed of Charles the 2nd? The account of the Irish war, of the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim, of the sieges of Limerick and Athlone, is, however, most admirable, and too high praise can scarcely be given to the patient industry which succeeded in digging so much matter of interest out of the dusty piles of papers in the record tower at Dublin Castle and elsewhere. From Ireland the regiment went straight to Flanders, saw much hard service there, off and on, for the next five years, returned home for a short period, but on the death of William and accession of Queen Anne, was again sent to take the field in the Low Countries. What stirring times soldiers then lived in is not realized until such books as the one before us are read. The story is one continued series of exciting events, and on land and sea actions memorable in our history crowd thick on one another. In 1703, the regiment, then fighting in Flanders, was ordered to Portugal, and the remainder of volume ii. is filled up with a graphic and detailed account of the war of the Spanish Succession. The story of the fatal day at Almanza is particularly well told, and probably, until this volume appears on the ante-room tables, few officers of the gallant 2nd Queen's, or any other of our battalions, will be aware that we did not always win glorious victories in Spain, but that when incompetent leaders were at our head the French could beat us as

well as ever we did them at Salamanca or Vittoria. It is to inculcate such lessons as a studious officer may learn from Almanza, that works such as the one before us are so valuable. Every one has heard of Blenheim, and Ramillies, and Waterloo, and good easy people perhaps fondly imagine that one Englishman can and could always beat two foreigners under any circumstances, and will always do so again, and that organization may be left to take care of itself. Such honest patriots will do well to remember that four English regiments capitulated at Almanza, that the total number of our battalions captured there was twenty-three, that we lost 4000 men killed and wounded, and 3000 prisoners. Besides which, 5000 were dispersed and scattered through the country. In addition, the allies left all their baggage and artillery to the enemy. Twenty-four guns and one hundred and twenty standards were captured also. As Lord Mahon wrote: "So large was the booty, that some days after the battle a horse might be purchased in the camp of Berwick for one dollar, a coat for fifteen French pence, and a musket for five."

The third volume carries on the history from 1715 to 1799. The regiment took no active part in crushing the Jacobite rebellion in Scotland, but was quartered, or, as we should term it now, mobilized, in the North of England so as to be ready for an emergency. While there two life-size effigies of its grenadiers were made, and are now in the County Hotel at Carlisle. An excellent reproduction of them is given by Colonel Davis, and it will interest admirers of Lord Wolseley to find that the position of a soldier at that period when "at attention" was with his feet eighteen inches apart, an attitude which his lordship has recommended for our adoption in these latter times. Throughout this volume most minute details in regard to establishments, pay, uniform, accoutrements, and the services both of the regiment as a whole and of its individual members are given. We have here a regimental history in its fullest development. But it is in a very prodigality of industry and knowledge that Colonel Davis has failed, if that term can be used to describe an effort which has overshot the mark rather than fallen short of it. He has produced an *édition de luxe* in three volumes, and has only got as far as 1799. What we want is something that Thomas Atkins and his officers may be likely to carry with them when they move about the world.

THE CRITIC'S PROGRESS.

"Nos Maîtres." Par Téodor de Wyzewa. Études et portraits littéraires. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1895.

ALTHOUGH the modern spirit has modified almost to the extent of reconstitution every form of artistic activity, it has transformed none of them quite so radically as the art of criticism, and the publication of works such as the present delightful volume enables us to estimate the character and extent of the change. The critic who was wont to deliver pontifical manifestoes from the anonymous ambush of the *Quarterly Review* has long since gone to the Parnassus which he spent his life in purging, taking his mantle with him. His successor is cast in a very different mould. He conceives it no part of his duty to arrange the circle of the Immortals, far less to scourge back into obscurity the trembling aspirants to artistic distinction: thus his attitude towards art is rather analytical than militant. Instead of acting as a kind of intermediary between the artist and the public, he is concerned mainly with the adventures of his own soul among the masterpieces. Criticism is to him a pious exercise, whose functions end with the realization of his own impressions, not a trade, like the selling of sugar, nor a method of instruction, like the schoolmaster's rod; and if he publishes his criticism, it is merely because the desire for expression has become a malady. Converts he disdains, readers he can dispense with, for to him contemplative analysis is, like beauty, an end in itself. Such an one is M. Téodor de Wyzewa, the author of "Nos Maîtres," under which title is collected a series of literary studies and portraits rescued from the oblivion of various periodicals.

We find his confession of faith, also of fallibility, at the threshold of the book, for the modern critic, having divested himself of his mission to the world,

disdains also that pose of unassailable authority beneath which the critic of other days concealed his errors of judgment. M. de Wyzewa at least is not afraid to acknowledge that in the ten years during which he has been exercising his critical faculties his opinions on art and its relation to science and to life have been modified in certain directions. On the road to the æsthetic Nirvana he has lost some illusions and the gods of his youth, for in ten years a man grows to expect less of life and a critic to exact less of art. "Aujourd'hui comme il y a dix ans," writes M. de Wyzewa, "je place la beauté au-dessus du reste des choses." But he goes on to explain that the Lady Beauty of his mature desire need not possess the added attractions of the new and the strange; he does not even claim the exclusive possession of her, so long as she lingers awhile within his view. Now as then "mon cœur est allé tout entier aux émotions douces, aux images claires, à cette mystérieuse musique qui naît dans les phrases, dans l'accord du sentiment avec l'expression." And as he has so ardently loved loveliness, so has he hated science with equal fervour, not only for the falsity of its supposed verities but for the uselessness of the knowledge with which it has encumbered the mind. This determination to comprehend all the secrets of nature has already rendered the world almost uninhabitable. The mystery of life is not meant, he declares, to be understood but to be experienced and to be loved, for it is through our senses and our heart, not in any way through our reason, that we bring ourselves into accord with the eternal truths of nature. In the days of his youth, however, M. de Wyzewa admits that he believed in the infinite possibility of the human intellect, another illusion of which time has robbed him—time in conspiracy with the woods, the sun, and the sea. For there comes a moment in the evolution of the critic when he must curse thought and live if he would see salvation.

Yet in the intervals of this ebullient sensational existence M. de Wyzewa has found leisure to indite some pages of subtle reflection on the trend of artistic endeavour and the idiosyncrasies of more than one contemporary artist. He treats of the influence of Wagner on modern literature, painting, music, of the prose of Renan and Taine, the philosophy of Anatole France, and the poetry of Stéphane Mallarmé. And to the analysis of each subject he brings that incisive intelligence which seeks the intimacy of ideas as well as the external quality of expression; which passes naturally and inevitably from the isolated achievement to its significance in the artistic scheme of the author. His is the criticism, moreover, that is founded upon sympathy, that sympathy which results from a knowledge of life as well as of letters. There is nothing belligerent about it, yet at the same time no trace of the log-rolling spirit which is apt in this country to tinge a man's appreciation of his literary brethren. All criticism that is essentially subjective gives one an impression of locality. Some critics seem to be always on the war-path, others to be always in a restaurant. But M. de Wyzewa looks out upon the world of art through library windows, and his criticism is that which is generated of an environment at once luxurious and austere, an ornate cloister where fair things be.

Of his own craft M. de Wyzewa writes as one who has fallen on triumphant days. Not only, he points out, has the critic the privilege of uttering the last word on matters of art, but his is fast becoming the only articulation. "La littérature devient la servante de la critique; elle lui fournit des sujets, des matériaux, des prétextes, et c'est à cela que se borne à présent son rôle aux yeux du public; elle prépare les plats, mais c'est la critique qui les mange. Encore la critique va-t-elle être réduite avant peu à se servir elle-même: car le moment semble prochain où les bras vont manquer à la littérature. Sur vingt jeunes gens qui débutent dans les lettres, à peine s'il se rencontre un poète ou un romancier. Personne n'a plus de vocation que pour la critique. Et ce ne sont plus les poèmes d'amour mais des 'Essais sur Ibsen' qui chantent aujourd'hui dans le cœur des adolescents." This exaltation of his craft is not, however, an unmixed joy to him. It does not harmonize with the attitude he has adopted towards life and letters—an attitude which is generous rather than eclectic, more that of the actor than the umpire. In the Utopia of his dreams the judgment

that is judicial finds no place, nor does his ideal critic belong entirely to the school of which Jules Lemaitre and Anatole France are the high priests, wherein criticism becomes a mere peg on which to hang an elaborate synthesis of personal predilections. According to M. de Wyzewa, "*la religion du Moi*" is a pleasant creed but an unprofitable one, whose merit is entirely dependent on the originality of thought and power of expression possessed by those who practise it. The highest form of criticism is, he avers, neither a pontifical verdict nor a personal confession but a species of history, "*ce sont celles qui se proposent pour but, non point de juger les œuvres d'art, mais de les expliquer, d'en montrer la vraie signification, de projeter sur elles la lumière qui convient.*" From the pursuit of this ideal M. de Wyzewa's work derives its unique quality, its blend of profound thought and subtle sentiment and his style its mingled passion and preciousness. Concerning the critic himself he may perhaps be described as a transcendental who does not scorn the service of man, one who does not conceive art to be degraded by the ministrations of philosophy.

FICTION.

"Billy Bellew." By W. E. Norris. London: Chatto & Windus. 1895.

WITH the rest of the flowers of summer comes the punctual novel from Mr. Norris, as pleasing as the flowers in the garden, as new and as noteworthy. Billy Bellew, the bond servant and champion of the painted and powdered married woman, Blanche Littlewood, is as gentle and stupid a hero as Mr. Norris can draw, a delightful person altogether until the last chapter. Then Mr. Norris goes wild, so to speak, marries to "another" the girl who might have saved his hero from his entanglement, breaks the unfortunate man's neck, and lapses into suspicious pathos. It is an outbreak as painful as it is unexpected. Mr. Norris is a sub-acid gentlemanly writer, excellent reading so long as he can be equably satirical, but distressing when he is violent, and as unpleasant in tears as a man of fashion can be. Our tranquil reading, therefore—it is amazing how readable Mr. Norris always continues to be, without either ostentatious epigram or strength of story—ends this time in an unpleasant jar. But all the rest is just as Mr. Norris's admirers will expect it to be. It is a funny little world, the world he sees, with Decorum for a Deity, and neither hungers nor thirsts in it, neither heaven nor hell, neither kings nor kitchens! Every one is married or given in marriage, and its happy inhabitants pass their time in doing the correct thing and behaving uncivilly to those darkened souls who neglect this cardinal function. It is all drawing-room or picnic, the genteel surroundings and the genteel people. We pass from England to Algiers, and behold! Algiers is merely an English watering-place done in the Moorish style. And the imagination of man's heart ceases to be evil continually, and becomes only occasionally a little bit incorrect. Well, it all makes harmless reading, and it is all eminently readable, and for unimaginative people of the comfortable classes there could be no more blameless way of spending an afternoon than Mr. Norris affords them.

"Milly's Story (The New Moon)." Anon. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

In our review of "*The New Moon*" we complained of Milly as "a mere gabbling encyclopædia of popular superstitions." It is a little exasperating to find her now re-telling the story from her own point of view. But in spite of our personal prejudice against the character, we must admit the story is a remarkably ingenious gloss upon Mr. Raimond's work. Indeed, the character is here far more convincing than it was in the original. Probably Mr. Heinemann is the person chiefly to be congratulated upon this application of the Ring and the Book idea. All who have read "*The New Moon*" must needs read this book; all who would read this book must needs get "*The New Moon*." The conception is sufficiently novel and simple for the tea-table conversation of cultivated people, so that many who would read neither book alone will doubtless read both

together. But Heaven save us from inferior imitations of this idea!

"The Comedy of Cecilia." By Caroline Fothergill. London: A. & C. Black. 1895.

Miss Caroline Fothergill has written a brilliant little story of a charming Cecilia, witty to the highest pitch of her authoress, and terribly persecuted by a stolid lover and a stolid brother who supports his suit. Cecilia regards the prospect of marriage with the respectable Philip with absolute horror, but, unhappily, if she marries without her brother's consent she will lose her little fortune of twenty thousand pounds. She tries to estrange the persistent Philip by a regimen of insult and flippancy, but his vanity is proof against all her irritation, and finally, with a magnificent effect of virile will power, he bores her into marriage, only to find, now that her fortune is secure, she intends to go her own way with it and leave him to go his. The idea is fresh, the tale freshly told, and altogether the book makes an hour's pleasant reading.

"Almayer's Folly." By Joseph Conrad. London: Fisher Unwin. 1895.

"Windabyne." By George Ranken. London: Remington & Co. 1895.

"Sinners Twain." By John Mackie. London: Fisher Unwin. 1895.

All three of these books may be spoken of as "local colour" stories. "*Almayer's Folly*" deals with Borneo, "*Windabyne*" with the vanishing Australia of the squatting days, and "*Sinners Twain*" with the North-West Territory. Only one of them is to be regarded seriously as a work of art. Mr. Ranken relies on his intimate knowledge of the early settlements, Mr. Mackie on his mounted police business and his reputation for blizzards. But "*Almayer's Folly*" is a very powerful story indeed, with effects that will certainly capture the imagination and haunt the memory of the reader. Almayer is a Dutchman who marries a Malay woman, and the central conception is the relapse of their daughter from the colonial version of civilization to a barbaric life. It is a gloomy tale, but its gloom is relieved by the rare beauty of the love-story between Nina and Dain, and by such flashes of humour as Babalatchi's grinding at the hand-organ when the Rajah, his master, could not sleep. It is indeed exceedingly well imagined and well written, and it will certainly secure Mr. Conrad a high place among contemporary story-tellers. "*Sinner's Twain*" is a book of lost opportunities; Mr. Mackie evidently has experience and imagination, but he has no sense of humour and none of effect. For instance, we have a girl passing at night through a snow-covered Indian burial ground, the decaying dead raised on frail platforms, after the Indian use, and flapping and threatening in the indistinct light and the fitful wind. Such a scene, properly written, could be made really fearful reading, but in the hands of Mr. Mackie it becomes merely a distressing bungle. He must needs draw in a "gaunt and blasted oak tree," and raise the wind with "weird, eerie moans," and speak of the corpses as "awful burdens," and generally Sheridan-le-Fanuize the affair until he has stripped it of every element of terror. Throughout we find him weak and strained, the story without grip, the characters anæmic; he has been indeed a bother to read, and we are in no mood to praise him. "*Windabyne*" is by an Australian pamphleteer whose habits have been too strong for him, and it lapses far too often into the discussion of land laws and labour troubles for any mere story-reader's taste. But it will be a useful and reliable source of information to those who are curious about the ways of the early sheep-farmers and gold-diggers in New South Wales.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Dead Man's Court." By Maurice H. Hervey. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1895.

WHEN one comes to think of it, detective stories are a queer form of art; for instead of seeing the thrilling drama acted on the stage, the reader is hurriedly told it all of a heap at the end, and he perhaps wishes that the subject of the novel had been that drama rather than the discovery of it. It is like a Greek play. Only there the stage is supposed to be occupied

by the big feelings of humanity, whereas here the stage is occupied by taking hansom, sending telegrams, and leaving notes—or by the purest by-play. The interest lies in wondering how the mystery will clear up, and as the process of clearing up occupies the bulk of the pages, the problem is how to make it interesting in itself—once given the mystery. One thing is certain, any attempt on the part of the author to enliven the process by making it reveal humanly interesting points in his characters is liable to be a lamentable failure. In the latest addition to Arrowsmith's 3s. 6d. series the unravelling of the mystery depends less than usual upon the extraordinary keenness of the hero in following up a track. This is perhaps a mistake, because the process of unravelling is more interesting if it keeps us in a perpetual state of breathless wonder at a detective's superhuman sharpness than if it depends largely on chance. However, in the case of "Dead Man's Court," Mr. Hervey has been quite right in choosing his method, for the best thing in his story is a nightmare and its ghastly fulfilment—a thing which would hardly have found a place on the stage if the mystery had been tracked out on the strict lines of a purely detective story.

"A Dictionary of the English Language." By the Rev. James Stormonth. Edinburgh: William Blackwood. 1895.

This is a new edition of a reliable and useful work in which the reader will find the etymology and pronunciation of his word as well as its full meaning. There are appendices of foreign quotations and phrases, of geographical and biblical proper names, and of abbreviations. This edition is brought up to date in a supplement of thirty-eight pages, which contains such additions to the language as "chic," "doyen," "lanolin," "zeit-geist," "Zolaism," "stylist," "progressist"—in fact "hinterland" was the only word we could not find.

"Agriculture." By R. Hedger Wallace. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1895.

This text-book is intended to meet the requirements of the first stage or elementary course mapped out in "The Principles of Agriculture," issued by the Department of Science and Art of the Committee of Council on Education. It is arranged all through for the use of students, divided into short chapters and paragraphs, with a set of questions at the end of every chapter. The first ten contain a brief review of general chemistry, the next seven are concerned with plant life, ash and plant food, the germination and growth of plants. Then follows a discussion of the physical and chemical properties of soils. The fifth section is engaged with tillage and the implements used, ploughs, harrows, seed-sowers, with drainage and irrigation; the sixth with manures; the seventh with rotation of crops. This is as much as the Science and Art Syllabus requires in an elementary course; but Mr. Wallace adds a few words on crops—grain, grass, pulse, roots, and a last chapter on harvesting machinery. In the conclusion he warns the student against the dangers of theory, giving as an example the three successive explanations of bean-sick land, the chemist's, the botanist's, and the bacteriologist's. Many of the illustrations will be of help to the student.

"Our Square and Circle." By Jack Easel. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1895.

The opinions of commonplace people may be dull, but they need not be vexatious if they are expressed with a show of good faith. Perhaps you are not dying to hear that Jones does not enjoy "Tristan"; but it is quite easy to be polite to him if only he forbears to preface and interlard his remarks with "Of course I am not educated up to it," "I am too stupid to rise to your heights." This self-depreciation is very ill-mannered in personal intercourse, in a book it is not, because you need not read it. Something of this spirit pervades "Our Square and Circle." Whoever wants to hear the avowedly average man, with average taste and average income, chatter about his hall, staircase, and dining-room, compare the merits of Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" and Mr. Alma Tadema's "Vintage Festival," tell of his dogs and cats, digress about feminine culture, give thirty pages of opinions upon Macaulay, Darwin, Burton, contemporary verse, Dryden, Shakespeare, Swift, Thackeray, describe his "Sanctum," moralize upon life below and above stairs in Mayfair and Belgravia, upon "Chawles," and "Miss Gadabout," and society generally ("the tendency of modern London life is, I think, to increase one's acquaintance rather than to promote friendship"), if any one wants to follow the average man to the Continent and about the streets and parks of London, and hear what he thinks, by all means let him read "Our Square and Circle." If a Frenchman had written such a book, the chatter would probably have been expressed in a faultless style, the reader might expect to find some humour in the irresponsible digressions of a German—you must expect nothing from Mr. Jack Easel.

"Varied Occupations." By H. Holman, M.A. London: Isbister. 1895.

This is a very thorough little book. "We cannot give a child knowledge, but only the best, or worst, conditions of getting it." This is the keynote of the system founded on the principles of Pestalozzi and Froebel. The child develops after the manner of the race, from experience to ideas, from ideas to words, and

education should follow on these lines. The ordinary course of education at our schools starts from the wrong end, and, speaking of the old system, Mr. Holman says: "If the children had not known something in spite of the teaching, it would have been impossible to teach them." The defects of the old system have long been felt in some branches of study—geography, for instance, whence has arisen the use of maps, and object lessons. Now, children love to model in wax and play with paints, and the scheme which Mr. Holman explains is a systematic combination of the object lesson with the love of modelling, building with bricks, and painting. The book opens with a list of the varied occupations—tablet-laying, ring-laying, cork and pea work, colouring, modelling, and so on, and the materials needed for them. Other chapters deal with the nature and purpose of the occupations, the chief educational principles therein involved, and the comparative value of the occupations. The exposition finishes with some practical hints, and there is a useful appendix concerned with the various books on the occupations. The treatise, based on two lectures delivered to the West Ham and South-West Essex Teachers' Association, is meant to assist teachers engaged in the system, and is not at all a polemical pamphlet aimed at opponents.

"In the Old Chateau." By Col. Savage. London: Routledge. 1895.

"Lord of the Urals, General Vassili Militiut's name was known far beyond the cloud-piercing Hyperborean mountains to the dim oases of the Kirghiz deserts. Chief of several hereditary tribes, his sword had swept from the Caspian to the Tobolsk." That is the hero. As for the heroine, "the delicacy of the distinguished Polish beauty gave to her face a patrician *cachet* (*sic*), and the slender hands clasped around her lisping child were the fitting adjuncts to the arched Cinderella foot." Not only the hero and heroine, but all the people are like this. It is quite a coincidence; it must have something to do with Poland. Over there, in the sixties, life was a perfect orgy of iron hands, priceless sable, gleaming orders; of intoxicating excitement, witching hours, magnetic tension, gilded coteries; of haughtiness, elegance, and gloom; of blood-bought polygons—"to Polskie!" The notes of exclamation must have taxed the printer's resources to the utmost. We can heartily recommend this book to all lovers of wholesome fiction.

"Loyalty to Church and State." By Mgr. Satolli. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1895.

Here are some of the speeches and letters of his Excellency the Most Rev. Francis Satolli, Archbishop of Lepanto, during his stay in the United States as Delegate Apostolic. The speeches were originally dictated in Italian or Latin, then translated and read for him by his secretary, though one of the most stirring (at the Catholic Congress, Chicago) was delivered in Italian, and we only have here an extempore interpretation by Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota. The bulk of the addresses are concerned with education (the delegate was for many years lecturer on literature, philosophy, and theology at Perugia and Rome), and the tone is: "Catholicity now as ever, keeps abreast with the highest civilization." The collection is edited by the Very Rev. J. R. Slattery, and the proceeds are to go towards the support of St. Joseph's Seminary and Epiphany Apostolic College for training missionaries to the coloured peoples.

"Elementary Education." By Robert Gregory, D.D. London: National Society. 1895.

Dean Gregory's treatise is frankly written with a Church bias; this fact is easily grasped—indeed, the author hints at it in his preface—and so no one need object to the partiality of the account and the long extracts from the speeches of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour. He begins his history with the foundation (in 1698) of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. In 1811 the National Society was started to give Church and secular teaching on Dr. Bell's monitorial or mutual instruction system. In 1839, with Dr. Kay and an Education Department, began the struggle between secular and religious education which has lasted to our day. Whatever may be said about the rights and wrongs of the case, the quarrel was certainly, at the beginning at any rate, likely to be a hindrance to the proper education of the poor children, and it was a good thing that the Privy Council and the National Society became allies in 1840. The quarrel broke out again in 1846 when Sir James Kay Shuttleworth was Secretary of the Education Department, and Dean Gregory is well worth reading on this point, where he shows the mistake in tactics inevitably made by the Church party. In 1853 the Education Department attempted to force a "conscience clause" on Church schools, and in 1861 came Mr. Lowe's Revised Code with its tests and payment by results. Dean Gregory gives a very full account of Mr. Fitch's Report on Education in Birmingham, which preceded Mr. Forster's Bill of 1870, and the book ends with the most important clauses of the National Society's Bill to help Church and other voluntary schools out of their pecuniary difficulties.

We have also received "Quousque tandem?" (M. Wilckens, Eisenach), an anonymous appeal to the ministers of the Evangelical Church in Germany to follow the example of their brethren in England and America, and set their faces against

drink; "Annals of the Parish" and "The Ayrshire Legatees" (two vols.), by John Galt, with an introduction by S. R. Crockett (William Blackwood); "An Apostle of Freedom," a tale of the Anarchists, by Edwin Hughes, B.A. (Arrowsmith's Bristol Library); "Down the Danube in an Open Boat," by Mr. Jos. Alex. Donner (James Blackwood); "Paraphrases from some Greek and Latin Poets," by John B. Wainwright (Simpkin, Marshall); "Platinotype," by Capt. W. de W. Abney and Lyonel Clark (Sampson Low); a cheap edition of R. N. Worth's "A History of Devonshire" (Elliot Stock); a fifteenth and cheaper edition of General Sir W. F. Butler's "The Great Lone Land" (Sampson Low); "Our Lord's Teaching," by Rev. James Robertson, D.D. ("Guild Text Books," Adam and Charles Black); "A Dictionary of English and French Military Terms," by Albert Barrère, Professor of French, R.H.A., Woolwich, Part I., English-French (Hachette); "Grammar of the Urdu Language," by George Small, M.A. (W. Thacker); "Anglo-Urdu Medical Handbook," by the same author (W. Thacker); "For Valour," the "V.C.," by J. E. Muddock (Hutchinson); "The Alcestis of Euripides," the Oxford text with English verse translations by sixth-form boys of Bradfield College (Oxford: James Parker & Co.).

SOME RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

- "The Psalter, with Concordance." By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: John Murray. 1895.
- "Cardinal Manning" and "The Prophecy of Westminster." By Mrs. Hamilton King. London: Whittingham & Co. 1895.
- "The Gospel of the Kingdom" (C.S.U. Sermons). By various Authors. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.
- "Studies in Biblical and Ecclesiastical Subjects." By the late Dean Campbell. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.
- "The Origin of the Canon of the Old Testament." By Dr. G. Wildeboer. Translated by Dr. B. W. Bacon, with Preface by Prof. G. F. Moore. London: Luzac. 1895.
- "The Four Gospels as Historical Records." Anon. London: Williams & Norgate. 1895.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "Psalter" has a pleasant flavour of old-fashioned piety about it, and his grace before Psalmody is a pretty thought. This is the English Prayer-book version, with a concordance made half a century ago, headings for the psalms, finger-posts to direct the reader to special uses and the explanation of a few perplexing passages, set forth readably in clear and gentle type. Some of the headings proposed are not very suitable: for instance, Psalm cix. is not rightly headed "Of denunciation," for the thirteen cursing verses should be understood as between inverted commas, being quoted by the author and not adopted. Mr. Gladstone's favourite pieces are next selected, and his biographers must notice them, for they throw some kindly light upon the inner man. The explanations are from old Bishop Horne, "the Speaker," or from Pool's Synopsis of the "Critici Sacri" and such like sources, all of which add to the old-fashioned flavour we have noticed. A charming little book.

Mrs. Hamilton King's two small books are pleasant reading, and are the outcome of a genuine enthusiasm for Cardinal Manning. In the first she pieces together several extracts from the Archdeacon's sermons to show the "wistful aspiration" after the saintly life, as she happily terms the writer's prevailing tone. It is a pity that she has tackled Mr. Waugh and a stevedore labourer on to the Cardinal's skirt, for neither of them add much to the book. The "prophecy" book is in verse. The prophecy is that the late Cardinal will be the patron saint of Westminster and of the Abbey, a second Edward the Confessor. During the prophecy Mrs. King rhymes indignant verses against Dean Bradley and the Canons for having no sanctuary lights or prayers for the dead. Mrs. King's verses are as uneven as ever. She will, perhaps, never learn that nobody, not even a great genius, could write good verse by the yard standing upon one foot. It is a great pity that she will not brood a little over her verses.

The Advent Sermons of the Christian Social Union show how religion is struggling to get back into life once more, and to take up again the social questions which she has dropped in recent times. The vague words of Canon Wilberforce and Prebendary Eytton, the more pointed ones of Canon Holland and Dean Stubbs, and the plain-speaking of Dr. Fry, are not untimely reminders that Church of England men are beginning to understand that it is their duty to consider the people of England and not merely to devour the tenth pig and give forth ceaseless platitudes in return for the same.

The late Dean Campbell seems to have uttered many strange things in the disquietude of his heart, and it is a pity to have reproduced his utterances. However, those who want to be assured that the Authorized Version is literally and verbally infallible, that it is a revolting thing to be cheerful on Sunday, and that St. Patrick was an Orangeman as well as a thorough gentleman, may get what they want in these Boanergitic pages. Other curious folk may like to see how Deans of Dromore conduct controversies with Presbyterians in the local papers, for there is no end to some people's curiosity.

Dr. Wildeboer's book is a careful bit of genuine work, which will do much to convince the reader that the Canon of the Old Testament was not finally settled until after A.D. 70. The hitherto

received view has been stated by Du Pin thus: "Some persons reckon up three Canons made at different times by the Sanhedrim, or the great synagogue of the Jews, but it is a great deal more probable that they never had more than one Canon or one collection of the Holy Books of the Old Testament, that was made by Ezra after the rebuilding of Jerusalem, and was afterwards approved and received by the whole nation of the Jews as containing all the Holy Books." The fact seems to be that a Canon does not crystallize out at once; and we know that the New Testament Canon was not completed even by the Council of Laodicea in the fourth century. Dr. Wildeboer's book is printed on vile white paper, badly got up, and full of misprints. In this respect it is a painful contrast with the anonymous treatise on the "Four Gospels as Historical Records," which is admirably printed and got up, and written in a fine jaunty style. It is a book easy to read, although it suffers from a certain pedagogic pertness there is about it. The author, no doubt, has formed his style in some schoolroom, where one is obliged to be clear, emphatic, and cocksure, in order to keep the boys respectful and submissive. The object of this amiable treatise is to demolish and lay flat the Acts and Four Gospels by one cannonade. "Matthew and Mark and Luke and holy John, Evaniished all and gone," evoke no sigh of regret from our brisk author, who falls smartly to work, and gives us a very large proportion of his conclusions to a small *quantum* of his processes. In this he is the exact opposite of all German writers, and of Dr. Wildeboer especially. Some of these processes are, to say the least of it, very doubtful. The argument from silence, the frequent assertion that this, that, or the other passage is "manifestly spurious and interpolated," manuscripts notwithstanding, the *a priori* verdicts that the Gospel characters would not have acted as they did if their experience had been as it is written; these are methods which do not make for victory. The quotations from patristic sources are given often without references, and even where references are given the edition used is not stated, and it is hard to verify them. In a word, the whole method is assertive rather than deductive. This, perhaps, is inevitable in an attempt to treat a great and difficult subject in 500 pages where swiftness is more valuable than caution. It may be possible to demonstrate, and it is certainly possible to hold, that "the Gospels are not proved to be the work of contemporary writers; they are not trustworthy in their accounts of the most ordinary occurrences; and the evidence which they offer for extraordinary events is even less than that which they offer for very ordinary statements." But such a demonstration must be made with great care and at a great expense of time, talent, and learning. This book is knocked together too cheaply in all these respects, and therefore is by no means creditable to English thought or English religion.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

UNDOUBTEDLY the most amusing contribution to this month's *North American Review* is the sixth chapter of the "Personal History of the Second Empire," in which Mr. Albert D. Vandam tells of Napoleon's and Hausmann's plans for the renovation of Paris. He gives a tantalizingly small portion of a speech of Dumas the elder on the subject. Dumas said that already, in 1842 or 1843, Balzac had conceived a vast Hausmannian scheme for the transformation of the village of Chailot into a fashionable quarter. His friends "treated the project, as they were in the habit of treating all Balzac's plans, as purely visionary. Visionary they no doubt were, including, as they did, the publication of a gigantic edition of Balzac's works in separate volumes, each volume to have attached to it a ticket in a lottery, the prize in which was to be a plot of ground or a mansion." In a statistical review of the power of the wealth of the United States, Mr. M. G. Mulhall gives figures to show that one farm hand in the United States raises as much grain as three in England. Senator Henry Cabot writes a hot article on England's advances in Venezuela since 1844.

In *Science Progress* Mr. H. Marshall Ward gives his opinion on the fixation of free nitrogen by plants, Mr. J. W. Capstick on the ratio of the specific heats of gases. Mr. J. W. Rodger contributes the second part of his review of the progress in physical chemistry during 1894, with a bibliography, and Mr. J. E. S. Moore writes on the protoplasmic body and the metaplastic cell.

In the *Classical Review* Mr. A. C. Clark confirms Haupt's opinion upon the "rough draught" discovered by Mommsen containing notes upon the last seven books of Cicero's "Letters to Athens," the fictitious manuscript of Bosius. Mr. F. B. Jevons discusses Greek law and folk-lore. Mr. Charles Forster Smith criticizes Mr. Marchant's edition of Thucydides VII., and Mr. S. G. Owen Mr. Wilkins's "Catiline Orations." Mr. A. Furtwängler answers M. Paul Jamot's refutation of his reconstruction of the Athene Lemnia and Miss Jane Harrison's strictures on his explanation of the Parthenon Sculptures.

The *Forum* opens with General Francis A. Walker's "The Growth of American Nationality." A cardinal point in his argument is that the Constitution of 1787 "merely permitted the experiment of American union to be tried." The question, "What should be done in the event of efforts on the part of any State, or States, to break up the new form of Government, was consciously or instinctively avoided." First among the factors which went to form a nation of the United States, General

Walker puts Washington and his judicial appointments. Mr. W. H. Harsey and the Hon. J. De Witt Warner disagree as to whether the American currency was originally bimetallic or monometallic. Mr. Justin McCarthy contributes a study of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. Charles F. Thwing writes of College Finances, and Mr. Fletcher Osgood of the badness of the American voice.

The *Cosmopolitan* has an illustrated article on the bathing at Tronville and Ostend, Mr. Boyesen tells of the Chantauqua movement, there are illustrated articles on the whist boom in America, on bees, on the Paris Salons, short stories, and a continuation of Mr. Clark Russell's serial "A Three-Stranded Yarn." M. Francisque Sarcey contributes a note on Coquelin, Mr. Andrew Lang on "Foundations of Belief" and "The Woman Who Did," and Mr. Zangwill on Maeterlinck.

We have also received *Bible Light*, *Picture Magazine*, the bound volume of *Royal Academy Pictures*, and *Outing*.

We purpose publishing in our impression of 22 June a Literary Supplement. Advertisements intended for insertion in that number should be sent to the Manager as soon as possible.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to Messrs. R. ANDERSON & CO., 14 COCKSPUR STREET; to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, LONDON, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW Bill of Contents will be forwarded every Friday Evening by post, prepaid, to any newsagent in Town or Country, on application to the Publisher.

PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HEWETSONS

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF ENGLISH CARVED
OAK FURNITURE
IN THE WORLD.

HEWETSONS NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE is the best and most complete Furnishing Guide published, and is forwarded free of charge. It contains ESTIMATES for FURNISHING HOUSES for £150-£300-£500-£1000, &c., each article in detail, illustrated and priced.

DECORATING.—HEWETSONS give ESTIMATES free of charge for PAINTING and all kinds of Interior Decorations, Structural Alterations, Sanitary Work, Electric Lighting, &c.

HEWETSONS have just received their new designs and colourings of AXMINSTER, WILTON, SAXONY, and BRUSSELS for the Season.

BRUSSELS CARPET, 2s. 9d. per yard.
WILTON CARPET, 4s. 6d. per yard.
AXMINSTER CARPET, 5s. 9d. per yard.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING BOXES completely Furnished at three days' notice for £150, £300, &c., and delivered, carriage paid, to any railway station in Great Britain.

HEWETSONS claim the attention of Families Furnishing or replacing old carpets in their town or country houses to their large stock of English and Foreign Carpets, all of which are good value, none being purchased from manufacturers of inferior qualities.

All Goods exceeding £2 in value CARRIAGE PAID to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

Estimates Free for Electric Light Installations and Fittings.

**HEWETSONS, TOTTENHAM COURT RD.,
LONDON, W.**

800

"SANITAS"

The Best really NON-POISONOUS
DISINFECTANT.

"SANITAS"

Fluid, Oil, Powder, Soaps, and Appliances.

"SANITAS is a valuable Disinfectant, having certain advantages over all others."—*Medical Press*.

"SANITAS now enjoys general favour as a Disinfectant."—*Lancet*.

"SANITAS has met with wide recognition and approval."—*British Medical Journal*.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET SENT FREE.

The SANITAS CO., Limited,
BETHNAL GREEN, LONDON, E.

NO END OF WORRY SAVED BY USING
STONE'S TIME SAVING
For keeping in order all **SPECIALITIES**
LETTERS, PAPERS, PAMPHLETS, MUSIC, &c.

Sold by Stationers everywhere. Send postcard for Illustrated Catalogue to the Manufacturers,

HENRY STONE & SON, BANBURY.

Special Boxes, Files, and Cabinets made to order for a variety of purposes.

INSURANCE.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE.
Est. 1803.—1 OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.
Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds over £1,500,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

"THE TIMES" Dec. 29, 1894, says in a leading article on
"Our Daughters"

"FIVE per cent. was regarded as the current rate of interest on good security when paterfamilias set up housekeeping; now he must think 'himself lucky when he can get Three.'"

The **MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY** of New York
Guarantees Five per cent.

UNDER ITS

Debenture Policy,

WHICH ALSO PROVIDES FOR

Death Duties, Children's Education, Marriage Settlements or Business Capital under one Contract,

ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED £38,000,000.

Apply for particulars to any of the Branch Offices, or to

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager for the United Kingdom,
17 & 18 Cornhill, London, E.C.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.

APPLY FOR PROSPECTUS OF THE

National Provident Institution.

Established 1835.

This Institution has always divided the large Profits arising from Endowment Assurances exclusively amongst the Policyholders in this class.

48 Gracechurch Street, London.

A. SMITHER,
ACTUARY AND SECRETARY.

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.

Patron—Her Majesty The QUEEN.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY, 16 JUNE, 1895. Any person unable to attend Divine Worship on that day is requested to send his or her Contribution to the Lord Mayor. Cheques and Post Office Orders made payable to the Secretary, Mr. HENRY N. CUSTANCE, should be crossed "Bank of England," and sent to the Mansion House.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, RADLEY.—The new Chape will be consecrated on St. Peter's Day (Saturday, 29 June). Old Radleians wishing to be present are requested to write to the WARDEN. Service 12.15. Ship coach on 10.2 a.m. train from Paddington.

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

105 JERMYN STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.

PATRONS.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES the PRINCE & PRINCESS of WALES.

PRESIDENT.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK, K.G.

Chairman of Committee—Sir GEORGE S. MEASOM, J.P.

Treasurers—Sir GEORGE S. MEASOM, J.P., and R. RUTHVEN PYM, Esq.

Bankers—COUTTS & Co., Strand, London.

Upon this Institution, founded in 1824 (the only one having for its object the protection of dumb and defenceless animals), rests a heavy responsibility. It is earnestly and respectfully submitted, that it has in consequence a strong claim upon the benevolence of the humane and charitable.

The Committee respectfully appeal to the Public to extend a hearty assistance—

- I. By supplying early information to the Secretary of all acts of cruelty that have been witnessed.
- II. By increasing the revenue of the Society by Annual Subscriptions, by Donations, by Testamentary Gifts, and particularly by inducing their friends to become members.

Trained Officers are despatched to all parts of the Kingdom.

The operations of the Society draw from the funds an amount vastly exceeding the yearly subscriptions. The Committee need much greater assistance, and unless such additional support be extended to them, this most righteous cause of humanity must suffer from insufficiency of means to carry out those many urgent measures which every well-wisher of this Society has so deeply at heart.

Remittances may be forwarded to JOHN COLAM, Secretary.

SUPPORTED ONLY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The labour of other charities is divided among many Associations; but this Charity stands alone—the Defender of the defenceless—without any assistance.

Royal National Life-Boat Institution.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.

SUPPORTED SOLELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

President—His GRACE THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, K.G.

Chairman—Sir EDWARD BIRKBECK, Esq., V.P.

Deputy Chairman—Colonel FITZ-ROY CLAYTON, V.P.

Secretary—CHARLES DIBDIN, Esq., F.R.G.S.

APPEAL.

THE Committee of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution earnestly appeal to the British Public for Funds to enable them to maintain their 306 Life-Boats now on the Coast and their Crews in the most perfect state of efficiency. This can only be effected by a large and permanent annual income. The Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Dividends, are quite inadequate for the purpose.

The Institution granted Rewards for the Saving of 637 lives by the Life-Boats in 1894, and of 141 lives by fishing and other boats during the same period, the total number of lives, for the saving of which the Institution granted rewards in 1894 being 778. Total of lives saved, for which Rewards have been granted, from the Establishment of the Institution in 1824 to 31st December 1894, 38,633.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., at the Institution, 14 John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.; by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. Coutts & Co., 55 Strand; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; and by all the Life-Boat Branches.

URGENT DISTRESS; WRECKS AND LOSS OF LIFE.

"There is sorrow on the Sea."

THE SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY,

with nearly 1000 Agencies, annually relieves
10,000 persons.

The rescued sailor, fisherman, &c., is instantly cared for on the spot and sent home; the widow, orphan, &c., of the drowned immediately sought out and succoured; the distressed seafarer of every grade at once charitably assisted.

CONTRIBUTIONS APPEALED FOR.

Patron—THE QUEEN; Chairman of Committee, Vice-Admiral E. S. Adeane, C.M.G.; Secretary, W. R. Buck, Esq., Sailors' Home Chambers, Dock Street, E.

Telegrams—"Shipwrecked, London."

St. Thomas's Hospital.

President:

H.R.H. the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

Treasurer:

J. G. WAINWRIGHT, Esq., J.P.

SPECIAL APPEAL FUND.

To be devoted to the opening for the reception of poor patients the Wards at present closed.

Contributions (large and small) are earnestly solicited. Donors of 50 guineas are qualified for election as Governors.

Cheques should be made payable to the Treasurer, crossed "Union Bank of London, Charing-cross," and addressed the Counting House, St. Thomas's Hospital, London, E.C.

THE

ROYAL WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL,

19 King William Street, West Strand, W.C.

Founded in 1816, by the late G. J. GUTHRIE, Esq., F.R.S., for the Relief of Indigent Persons afflicted with Diseases of the Eye.

ENTIRELY SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patrons.

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

President—H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G.

Chairman—Sir CHARLES TURNER, K.C.I.E.

Treasurers—G. B. HUDSON, Esq., M.P.
H. LINDSAY ANTROBUS, Esq.

THIS HOSPITAL receives the Indigent Poor on their own application, without Letters of Recommendation, and was the first to adopt this system of true Charity. Nearly 10,000 poor persons are relieved annually. It has afforded aid to upwards of 400,000 sufferers since its establishment.

There are 30 Beds available for In-Patients constantly occupied.

The undoubted fact that London is trending westward makes it every day more urgent that a large, perfectly constructed, and easily accessible Eye Hospital should be built to meet the imperative and constantly growing needs of the poor who come from all parts of the Metropolis and the United Kingdom.

The accommodation in the present building for both Out- and In-Patients is wholly inadequate to the daily increasing demand for relief. This will necessitate the rebuilding of the Hospital on a New Site, to provide which, and erect thereon an edifice replete with all the modern improvements rendered urgent by the rapid advance in Ophthalmic Science and Surgery, a sum of at least £50,000 will be required.

The Committee urgently appeal for New Annual Subscriptions for maintenance purposes, and they earnestly plead with the Benevolent to enable them to build the much-needed New Hospital.

Subscriptions and Donations should be sent to the Bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., Strand; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross; or to

T. BEATTIE-CAMPBELL, Secretary.

LEGACIES ARE ALSO ESPECIALLY SOLICITED.

AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—**SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS. GRAND OPERA SEASON.**—For Full Particulars see Daily Papers. Box Office now open.

ST. JAMES'S.—**Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Sole Lessee and Manager.**—**LAST FOUR NIGHTS. EVERY EVENING, at 9** punctually, will be presented **THE TRIUMPH OF THE PHILISTINES**, by **HENRY ARTHUR JONES**. Mr. George Alexander, Miss Juliette Neville, &c. Preceded at 8.15 by **TOO HAPPY BY HALF** by Julian Field. Doors open, 8. Carriages, 10.45. **LAST MATINEE TO-DAY at 3. THURSDAY NEXT, June 20, THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY**, by **ARTHUR W. PINERO** for 12 nights only. Box Office (Mr. Arnold) open Daily, 10 till 5. Seats may be booked in advance by letter, telegram, or telephone (3903), **ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**

CRYSTAL PALACE. Saturday Next, June 22nd, at 3.0. **GRAND PERFORMANCE**, on Handel Festival scale, of Mendelssohn's Symphony Cantata, **THE HYMN OF PRAISE**, followed by a miscellaneous selection. Solo Vocalists, **MADAME ALBANI, MADAME CLARA SAMUEL, MR. EDWARD LLOYD. CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA.** 3,000 PERFORMERS. Organist, **MR. WALTER W. HEDGECOCK.** Conductor, **MR. AUGUST MAYNS.** Numbered reserved seats, including admission to the palace, half-a-guinea, and seven shillings and sixpence. Plans may be inspected and tickets obtained at the Ticket Office. Central entrance, Crystal Palace, from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m., daily, or at the usual City and West End Ticket Agencies.

MR. J. H. LEIGH'S RECITALS.
THURSDAY EVENINGS DURING JUNE.
ST. MARTIN'S TOWN HALL, CHARING CROSS.
Thursday next, June 20th, at 8.30.
"RICHARD III." (For the fifth time in London).
TICKETS 5s., 2s. 6d., and 1s., at Mitchell's Library, 33 Old Bond Street, and at the Hall.

GRAVES' GALLERIES.

EXHIBITION OF
NEW MILITARY PAINTINGS.
And Collection of Wellington and Napoleon Trophies and Relics.
"1815" (NAPOLEON'S OLD GUARD AT WATERLOO).
"SAVING THE COLOURS AT INKERMANN."
By Robert Gibb, R.S.A.
"STORMING OF THE CASHMERE GATE OF DELHI."
By Vereker M. Hamilton.
"BADAJOS, 1812."
By R. Caton Woodville.
Also a Collection of Pictures by the late Charles Jones, R.C.A.

ALSO
UNIQUE EFFECTS NEAR THE NORTH POLE.
A Collection of paintings by Frank Wilbert Stokes of Philadelphia;
Painted whilst a member of the Peary Relief and North Greenland Expeditions
1892-3-4, in latitude 75° 43'.
GRAVES' GALLERIES, 6 Pall Mall, S.W.
Admission 1s. ten to six.

LAWRIE & CO. HAVE ON VIEW

A Small Collection of Pictures by
COROT, DAUBIGNY, MILLET, DUPRE, G. F. WATTS, R.A.,
MONTICELLI, Sir E. BURNE-JONES, &c. &c.
15 Old Bond Street. 10 to 6 daily.

BOOKS.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, and PUBLISHERS.
GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS & PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS IN
INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA, AND ABROAD.
A Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.
LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED; AND CATALOGUED AND ARRANGED.
Telegraphic Address: BOOKMEN, LONDON. Code: UNICODE.
140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

SCOTTISH CHURCH SOCIETY
JUST PUBLISHED IN TWO VOLS., demy 8vo, price 7s. 6d. nett,
or sold separately for 4s. 6d. nett.
THE DIVINE LIFE IN THE CHURCH:
AN AFFIRMATION OF
THE DOCTRINE OF HOLY BAPTISM,
WITH CONTRIBUTIONS RELATING TO
THE SCOTTISH CHURCH.
HER HISTORY, WORK, AND PRESENT NEED.
Vol. I. Subjects:—The Holy Sacrament of Baptism; the place assigned to it in
the Divine Economy of Grace; Instruction of Catechumens; Obligation of
Sponsors.
Vol. II. Subjects:—Celtic Inheritance of Scottish Church; Remediable Defects
in Presbyterian Organization; Revival of Churchmanship in Scotland; Training of
Candidates for Holy Ministry; Probationers; Right Lines of Lay Work; Develop-
ment of Home Mission Work of Church; Duty of Church to Special Classes;
Emigrants, Seamen, Paupers, Prisoners; Attitude of Church to Leading Phases of
Modern Thought and Criticism; Church Music and Choirs; Church Fabrics.

EDINBURGH: J. GARDNER HITT, 37 GEORGE STREET.
LONDON: 62 PATERNOSTER ROW.
And all Booksellers.

The New Review.

ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

Edited by W. E. HENLEY.

Saturday Review says: "You settle down with a grateful feeling of relief to the
New Review."

See the JUNE NUMBER for

RUDYARD KIPLING - The Song of the Banjo.
R. L. STEVENSON } Macaire.
W. E. HENLEY }
GILBERT PARKER - There was a Little City.

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

ELLIOT STOCK'S NEW LIST.

In large demy 8vo, appropriately bound in art linen boards, price 7s. 6d.,
with Illustrations of Morland's Paintings.

GEORGE MORLAND: PAINTER. London, 1763-1804.

By RALPH RICHARDSON, F.R.S.E.

"The facts of the artist's career are graphically told, and the appreciation of his
work, which is illustrated by six excellent plates, is judicious. The information in
the appendix is valuable as new, and is certain to be prized by all lovers of art."
Black and White.

On antique paper, appropriately bound, price 5s.

FABLES AND FABULISTS—Ancient and Modern. By
THOMAS NEWBIGGING, Author of "The History of the Forest of Rossen-
dale," &c.

"A clever little study, containing not only useful notes on all the famous fabulists,
but abounds in rare and happy instances. The whole philosophy of the apologue
is examined, and Mr. Newbigging's views on the subject are at once interesting and
instructive."—*Black and White.*

"A pleasant little book readable from title-page to finale. The author has much
delightful matter to communicate as to the characteristics of fables interspersed with
illustrative stories."—*Morning Leader.*

In demy 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, and Illustrated, price 5s.

THE WORKS OF THE REV. GRIFFITH EDWARDS

(Gutyn Padarn), M.A., F.R.H.S., late vicar of Llangadfan. Edited by Rev.
ELIAS OWEN, M.A., F.S.A., containing the parochial histories of Llangadfan,
Garthbeibio, and Llanerfyl Montg.: together with Welsh and English Poetry.

NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.

In crown 8vo, handsomely bound in art linen, price 6s.

AS GOLD IN THE FURNACE. By MARY CROSS, Author
of "Under Sentence," "False Witness," &c.

"A lively tale, with much human character artistically developed. The dialogue
is vivacious throughout, and scenes both of high life and low are strikingly painted.
A novel of high literary qualities, with a plot both daring and original."—*Morning
Leader.*

In crown 8vo, handsomely bound in cloth, price 6s.

RUNIC ROCKS; a North Sea Idyll. By WILHELM JENSEN.
Translated by MARIANNE E. SUCKLING, with a Preface by Professor G.
FIELDER.

"Wilhelm Jensen, of whose many works this is the first to appear in an English
translation, has been one of the most popular writers in Germany for more than
twenty years. Since 1865 a number of works from his pen have appeared almost
every year: poems, epics, short stories, novels, and dramas. In all these branches
of literature he has shown himself to be an author of signal culture and great power,
but he is at his best as a novelist and writer of lyric poetry."—*Extract from Preface.*

NEW VOLUME OF VERSE.

Tastefully printed and bound in cloth, price 3s. 6d.

POEMS. By LOUIS H. VICTORY.

"Compositions of high worth and lasting merit. The style is often charmingly
musical, and the thoughts breathed are in many instances singularly beautiful, pure,
and original."—*English Churchman.*

ELLIOT STOCK, 62 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

Messrs. Methuen publish

on June 17th, a New Volume of Poems by
ERIC MACKAY, entitled "A Song of the
Sea, My Lady of Dreams, and other Poems."

SIX POPULAR NOVELS.

SIX SHILLINGS EACH.

WHEN VALMOND CAME TO PONTIAC:

The Story of a Lost Napoleon. By GILBERT PARKER.

MAELCHO: A Sixteenth Century Romance.

By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS.

A MAN OF MARK. By ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

SIR ROBERT'S FORTUNE. By Mrs.
OLIPHANT.

THE DESPOTIC LADY. By W. E. NORRIS.

A BUSINESS IN GREAT WATERS. By
JULIAN CORBETT.

Messrs. Methuen's "Book Gazette" and Catalogue sent free to any address.

METHUEN & CO., 36 ESSEX STREET, W.C.

SECOND EDITION.

ELDER CONKLIN,

AND OTHER STORIES.

By FRANK HARRIS. 6s.

GLASGOW HERALD.—"May be heartily recommended."

DAILY CHRONICLE.—"All . . . are readable, some . . . subtle,
one is a gem. The gem of the book, a little masterpiece . . . suggests
George Eliot with a difference—that difference being a strong dash of
Maugham."

LONDON: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21 BEDFORD STREET, W.C.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON'S

NEW WORKS OF FICTION.

A New Novel by the Author of "An Old Maid's Love."

Now ready, in 1 vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

MY LADY NOBODY.

BY

MAARTEN MAARTENS,

AUTHOR OF

"God's Fool," "The Sin of Joost Avelingh," &c.

A New Novel by the Author of "Misunderstood."

Now ready, in 3 vols., crown 8vo.

COLONEL NORTON.

BY

FLORENCE MONTGOMERY,

AUTHOR OF

"Seaforth," "Thrown Together," &c.

NOW READY.

TODDLE ISLAND: Being the Diary of Lord
Bottsford of England. In one vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

"Written evidently by one who has keen powers of observation, a wide knowledge of the world, and a ready faculty of analyzing, or rather dissecting, 'shams and shoddies'; it declares war against superstition wherever found; and, though it hits hard at some of our 'social sanctities,' there is no denying that the book is exceedingly clever, and a brilliant satire from first to last."—*The Liberal*.

NOW READY.

CHERRYFIELD HALL. By F. H. BALFOUR
(Ross George Dering), Author of "Dr. Mirabel's Theory," &c. In one vol., crown 8vo, 6s.

"This is a brilliantly told tale, the constructive ingenuity and literary excellence of which entitle the author to a place of honour in the foremost rank of contemporary English romancists. . . . We cannot too cordially recommend this book to general and careful perusal."—*Daily Telegraph*.

RICHARD BENTLEY & SON, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

AGENCY FOR AMERICAN BOOKS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, PUBLISHERS & BOOK-SELLERS, of 27 and 29 West 23rd Street, New York, and 24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C., desire to call the attention of the READING PUBLIC to the excellent facilities presented by their Branch House in London for filling, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own STANDARD PUBLICATIONS, and for ALL AMERICAN BOOKS and PERIODICALS.

CATALOGUE sent on application.

EFFINGHAM WILSON'S PUBLICATIONS.

DUNCAN ON INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION.

Third Edition, price 2s. 6d.
Daily News.—"It explains how a capitalist can obtain the highest return for his money."
Pall Mall Gazette.—"Furnishes much valuable information, served up in a readable style."
Liverpool Courier.—"A useful guide. Even the experienced may profit by its perusal."

DUNCAN ON INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION.

Third Edition, price 2s. 6d.
Manchester Guardian.—"The reader of the volume will be helped to clear ideas as to what he is about when he engages in Stock Exchange operations."
Star.—"A great mass of information will be found in it."
Star.—"Written with the view of guiding capitalists in the employment of their funds."

DUNCAN ON INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION.

Third Edition, price 2s. 6d.
City Leader.—"Should be in the hands of every one who has money to invest."
Investors' Guardian.—"Assuredly the best plan for speculators is to take a short cut to experience by reading 'Duncan on Investment and Speculation.'"
Birmingham Gazette.—"The need of such a work is apparent—a praiseworthy endeavour to explain the mysteries of the Stock Exchange."

EFFINGHAM WILSON, LONDON, ROYAL EXCHANGE,
And of all Booksellers.

DOWNEY & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

BOZ-LAND: Dickens's Places and People.
By PERCY FITZGERALD. Crown 8vo, with a Portrait of "Boz" by Cruikshank, 6s.
[This day.]

A JORUM OF 'PUNCH': the Story of its
Origin and Early Days. By ATHOL MAYHEW. Imp. 16mo, with Illustrations.
[Next week.]

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD BOHEMIAN. By G. L. M. STRAUSS. A New Edition, Crown 8vo, with Portrait, 5s.

"It is most excellent garrulity. Dr. Strauss lived the true *vie de Bohème*." *Daily Telegraph*.

THE IRISH NOVELISTS' LIBRARY.

Each volume in small crown 8vo, fancy cloth, with a new Portrait and a Memoir of the Author, price 2s. 6d.

Vol. I. **O'DONNELL.** By Lady MORGAN.

"Eighty years ago Sir Walter Scott declared that this novel, though liable to criticism as a story, has some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and is in the comic part very rich and entertaining."—*Daily News*.

Vol. II. **ORMOND.** By Miss EDGEWORTH.

Vol. III. **FARDOROUGH THE MISER.** By WILLIAM CARLETON.
[In July.]

NEW NOVELS.

PRINCESS AND PRIEST. A Romance of Old Egypt. By A. S. F. HARDY. With a Preface by Professor SAYCE.
3s. 6d. [This day.]

A SENSATIONAL TRANCE. By FORBES DAWSON. With 20 Illustrations by F. Mackenzie. 2s. 6d. [Next week.]

GOLDEN LADS AND GIRLS. By H. A. HINKSON. 6s.

STARLIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF. By KEVIN KENNEDY. 3s. 6d.

"The story of the woes and tragedies, the lights and shades, the unbounded humour, and the old time superstitions which enter into the lives of the people of an Irish country village. . . . It can scarcely fail to attract widespread notice."—*Star*.

AN EXPERIMENT IN RESPECTABILITY.

By JULIAN STERN. 6s.
"The characters are singularly alive. . . . We should like another book from Mr. Sterne as clever as this one."—*Saturday Review*.

12 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

STANFORD'S TWO-SHILLING SERIES OF TOURISTS' GUIDES.

Fcap. 8vo, limp cloth, with Maps, &c.

Bedfordshire.	English Lakes.	Surrey.
Berkshire.	Gloucestershire.	Sussex.
Cambridgeshire.	Hampshire.	Warwickshire.
Channel Islands.	Hertfordshire.	Wiltshire.
Cornwall.	Kent.	Worcestershire.
Derbyshire.	London (Round).	Wye (The).
Devon, North.	Norfolk.	Yorkshire, East
Devon, South.	Somersetshire.	and North.
Dorsetshire.	Suffolk.	Yorkshire, West.

LONDON: EDWARD STANFORD, 26 & 27 COCKSPUR ST., S.W.

Complete Tourist Catalogue free on application.

Just published. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

RANDOM STORIES, Chiefly Irish.

By Major H. S. MCCLINTOCK.

With Illustrations.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO., LTD.

NOTICE.—An Important New Work by
COLONEL COLVILLE, C.B., British
Commissioner at Uganda, entitled

THE LAND OF THE NILE SPRING,

with numerous Illustrations and special Map, will be ready next week at all Libraries and Booksellers'. Price 15s.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 37 BEDFORD ST., STRAND, W.C.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

THE GREAT FROZEN LAND: Narrative of a Winter Journey across the Tundras and a Sojourn among the Samoyads. By **FREDERICK GEORGE JACKSON**, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; Leader of the Jackson-Harmsworth Polar Expedition. With Illustrations and Maps. Edited from his Journals by **ARTHUR MONTEFIORE**, Fellow of the Geological and Royal Geographical Societies and Anthropological Institute. 8vo, 15s. net.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF AQUATIC INSECTS. By Professor **L. C. MIALL**, F.R.S. With Illustrations by **A. R. HAMMOND**, F.L.S. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE AMERICAN COMMERCIAL POLICY. Three Historical Essays. By **UGO RABENO**, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Modena. Second Edition. Partly rewritten and entirely revised by the Author. Translated at the Translations Bureau, London. 8vo, 12s. net.

MUNICIPAL HOME-RULE. A Study in Administration. By **FRANK I. GOODNOW**, A.M., LL.B., Professor of Administrative Law in Columbia College; Author of "Comparative Administrative Law." Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d. net.

A TEXT BOOK OF PHYSIOLOGY. By **M. FOSTER**, M.A., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Physiology in the University of Cambridge, and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. With Illustrations. Sixth Edition. Part II., comprising Book II. The Tissues of Chemical Action with their respective Mechanisms. Nutrition. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

THE COMPETITION WALLAH. By the Right Hon. Sir **GEORGE TREVELYAN**, Bart., M.P., Author of "Cawnpore." A Reprint of the Second Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SHEILA'S MYSTERY. By **Mrs. MOLES-WORTH**. Illustrated by **L. Leslie Brooke**. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
Whitehall Review.—"Mrs. Molesworth may always be depended upon to produce work that will interest the young. . . In 'Sheila's Mystery' this prolific author has written a pleasant narrative, which seems to us especially suitable for girls, and the publishers have co-operated in turning the volume out in attractive fashion."

ILLUSTRATED STANDARD NOVELS. New Volume.
THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA OF ISPAHAN. By **JAMES MORIER**. Illustrated by **H. R. MILLAR**. With an Introduction by the Hon. George Curzon, M.P. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.
Three-and-sixpenny Series. Vol. 7.
HUME. By Professor **HUXLEY**. **LOCKE.** By **THOMAS FOWLER**. **BURKE.** By **JOHN MORLEY**. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION. New Volume.
WOLFE. By **A. G. BRADLEY**. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

ELEMENTARY CLASSICS. New Volume.
OVID, TRISTIA. Book III. Edited, with Explanatory Notes and Vocabulary, by **E. S. SCHUCKBURGH**, M.A., Late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Pott 8vo, 1s. 6d.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI.

A Commentary by **CHARLES GOUNOD**.*and Authorized French Translation, from the Third French Edition.*By **WINDEYER CLARK** and **J. T. HUTCHINSON**.

Crown 8vo, 144 pp., cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

ROBERT COCKS & CO., 6 NEW BURLINGTON STREET, W.

JUNE NUMBER NOW READY, PRICE 7½d.

THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

Contents for June.

BATHING AT THE CONTINENTAL SEA-SHORE RESORTS. By **J. HOWE ADAMS**. Illustrated.**AN EPIAPH FOR A HUSBANDMAN.** By **CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS**. Illustrated by **H. Siddons Mowbray**.**THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT.** By **H. H. BOYESSEN**. Illustrated from Photographs and by **Harry Fenn**.**THE PLEASANT OCCUPATION OF TENDING BEES.** By **W. Z. HUTCHINSON**. Illustrated.**THE PARIS SALONS OF '95.** By **CHARLES YRIARTE**. Illustrated.**AN INDIAN STORY OF THE SIERRA MADRE.** By **DAN DE QUILLE**. Illustrated by **Frederic Remington**.**WHIST IN AMERICA.** By **FRANK W. CRANE**. Illustrated.**A HYPOCRITICAL ROMANCE.** By **CAROLINE TICKNOR**. Illustrated by **Alice Barber Stephens**.**HOW SUCCESSFUL PLAYS ARE BUILT.** By **JOSEPH BROOKS**. Illustrated by **F. G. Attwood**.**UNANSWERED PRAYERS (POEM).** By **ELLA W. WILCOX**.**A THREE-STRANDED YARN.** By **W. CLARK RUSSELL**. Illustrated by **F. Lix**.**AN AUTUMN BREEZE (POEM).** By **WILLIAM H. HAYNE**.**PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.** By various distinguished writers.**IN THE WORLD OF ART AND LETTERS.** By **I. ZANGWILL**, **FRANÇOIS SARCEY**, **H. H. BOYESSEN**, **ANDREW LANG**, **AGNES REPKLIER**.**THE PARIS SALONS OF '95.** By **ORANGE, TANOUX, BROUILLET, CARRIÈRE, CLARRIN, MAIGNAN**.

LONDON: THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY,

5 BREAMS BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE, E.C.

And of all Booksellers and Bookstalls.

SMITH, ELDER & CO.'S NEW BOOKS

THE NOVEL SERIES.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER & CO. beg to announce that with a view to meet the taste of those who desire to possess, not to borrow, good books, they have in preparation

A SERIES OF NOVELS

BY THE BEST WRITERS OF THE DAY.

FOR PUBLICATION IN SINGLE VOLUMES.

These volumes will be suitable for the pocket and the shelf; they will be convenient to handle, being of the square 16mo size, while from their appearance, as well as from their literary merit, they will deserve a place in the library. The volumes will be bound in cloth, and will be uniform except in thickness and in price. The prices will be **2s., 3s., and 4s.**

The First Volume of the Series,

The Story of Bessie Costrell,

By **Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD**. Price 2s.

WILL BE PUBLISHED ON JUNE 28TH.

And Works by

F. ANSTEY, Author of "Vice Versâ," &c. ;**HENRY SETON MERRIMAN**, Author of "With Edged Tools," &c. ;**Mrs. L. B. WALFORD**, Author of "Mr. Smith," &c. ;**SYDNEY CHRISTIAN**, Author of "Sarah" and "Lydia" ;

And by other writers, English and American, of high reputation, will follow at short intervals.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF MR. JUSTICE STEPHEN.

Ready this day. With 2 Portraits. Demy 8vo, 16s.

THE LIFE OF SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN,

BART., K.C.S.I.,

A Judge of the High Court of Justice.

By his Brother, **LESLIE STEPHEN**.

From the Times:

"Among the half-dozen biographies of the first order which have appeared in the last twenty years, this volume deserves a place. It is a real biography; a work of art as well as of fraternal affection; a monument which several loving hands have helped to build up; a lifelike picture of a remarkable man, with his failings not unnoted, and with vivid sketches of some of his friends."

Mr. **FREDERICK GREENWOOD** in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

"A truer and more complete portrait, if one may say so, who speaks from many long years of acquaintanceship, was never drawn. . . A noble history of a powerful, generous, true, and tender character."

From the *Westminster Gazette*:

"A most interesting and striking book. . . It is long since we have had a picture of a man so real, so forcible, and developed with such admirable literary skill."

Now ready. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 5s.

OUR SQUARE AND CIRCLE; or, The Annals of a Little London House. By "JACK EASEL," sometime *Punch's* Roving Correspondent.

"The interest is purely humorous and domestic. . . The book is always pleasant to read, and its humour is not the less amusing for being always refined." *The Scotsman*.

Now ready. With 2 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

OFF THE MILL. By the Right Rev. **G. F. BROWNE**, D.C.L., Bishop of Stepney.

"A distinct addition to the light literature of mountaineering. . . There are a number of other papers, and by no means confined to Alpine subjects. All have an agreeable sense of light humour."—*The Scotsman*.

Just published. Crown 8vo, 4s.

FIFTY YEARS; or, Dead Leaves and LivingSeeds. By the Rev. **HARRY JONES**, Prebendary of St. Paul's; Author of "Holiday Papers," "East and West London," &c.

"There is such kindly humour, such real common-sense, and such a background of efficient and successful work throughout, that these memories are delightful reading."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"A little volume of lively reminiscences. . . Full of delightful gossip of the most genial kind."—*The Speaker*.

NEW NOVEL BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

Ready this day. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE MARTYRED FOOL.

By **D. CHRISTIE MURRAY**,

Author of "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," "Joseph's Coat," &c.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

805

Messrs. WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS'

NEW BOOKS.

NOW READY, AT ALL LIBRARIES.

ALEX. INNES SHAND'S

LIFE

OF GENERAL

SIR EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY,

K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

WITH PORTRAITS, &c.

2 Vols., Demy 8vo, 21s.

Second Selection of Early Press Opinions.

SATURDAY REVIEW.—"There is no more picturesque character than Edward Bruce Hamley. . . . The most charming biography we have met this season—a biography worthy of the man whose life it so truly portrays. Higher praise it is impossible to bestow."

THE WORLD.—"A worthy and very valuable memorial of a brilliant soldier, strategist, military reformer, and man of letters."

GRAPHIC.—"An appropriately interesting memoir and study of an exceptionally interesting personality."

REALM.—"Mr. Shand has acquitted himself well in his undertaking. . . . A graphic picture of one of the most distinguished soldiers of our own time."

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—"General Hamley has found in Mr. Shand a careful and sympathetic biographer. . . . The story of a remarkable and clever personality. . . . His biography contains many interesting references to well-known writers and their books."

ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.—"Mr. Shand's biography of Sir Edward Hamley is interesting from many points of view, owing to the extraordinary versatility of the soldier, writer, artist, sportsman, and politician whose life it chronicles."

DAILY GRAPHIC.—"The biography of a man so modest and so shy as the late Sir Edward Hamley was a difficult task for even his intimate friend, Mr. A. Innes Shand, but it has been performed with tact and success."

GLOBE.—"In two substantial but not too bulky volumes Mr. Innes Shand tells with much tact and clearness the story of the 'Life of Edward Hamley.' . . . A biography of solid interest and value."

MORNING ADVERTISER.—"Mr. Shand is to be thanked and congratulated for the lucid and cogent fashion in which he has placed the details of a noble and valuable life before the public."

LIVERPOOL POST.—"One of the most fascinating works it has been our recent fortune to peruse."

LEEDS MERCURY.—"Mr. Innes Shand in these two volumes describes with considerable skill Sir Edward Hamley's achievements both with the pen and with the sword. . . . It will keep green the memory of a brave, lovable, modest man."

A NEW HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

KATHLEEN CLARE. Her Book, 1637-1641. Edited by DORA GREENWELL M'CHESNEY. With a Frontispiece; and 5 full-page Illustrations by James A. Shearman. Crown 8vo, 6s.

On Monday (17th) will be Published.

BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK: A Riding Tour in North Wales. By MARTIN ROSS and E. G. SOMERVILLE, Authors of "Through Connemara," "An Irish Cousin," &c. With numerous Illustrations by E. G. Somerville. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

At all Libraries.

SPORT ON THE PAMIRS AND TURKISTAN STEPPES. By Major C. S. CUMBERLAND. With Frontispiece and a Map. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"An honest manly performance. . . . Besides the details of stalking, missing and hitting, there are descriptions of mountain and valley, and of town life in Chinese Turkistan, which every reader will find pleasant."—*Daily News*.

At all Libraries.

AMONG THE GODS: Scenes of India with Legends by the Way. By AUGUSTA KLEIN. With 22 full-page Illustrations. Small demy 8vo, 15s.

"Written in high spirits, with an invincible tendency to see the humorous side of persons, things, and events."—*Daily Chronicle*. "Charmingly original in its method and style. . . . instinct with vigour and sparkling with genius."—*English Churchman*.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.
806

CHAPMAN & HALL'S NEW BOOKS.

FRASER SANDEMAN.

ANGLING TRAVELS IN NORWAY. By FRASER SANDEMAN, Author of "By Hook and By Crook," &c. With numerous Illustrations from Drawings and Photographs by the Author, and coloured Facsimiles of Salmon Flies. Demy 8vo, 16s. [This day.]

"A book dealing intimately with the natural history of the northern forms of the salmonidae by a gentleman well known among sportsmen for his scientific and practical acquaintance with salmon and trout fishing. Mr. Sandeman describes many incidents of travel as an angler in the remoter and more picturesque parts of Norway."

There will also be a Limited Edition, printed on large paper, containing an extra Plate of favourite Salmon Flies for Norway, 30s. net.

COLONEL FRANCIS C. MAUDE, V.C., C.B.

FIVE YEARS IN MADAGASCAR. By Colonel FRANCIS C. MAUDE, V.C., C.B. With a Frontispiece Portrait of Queen Ranavalona III. Crown 8vo, 5s. [Next week.]

"Colonel Maude is a well-known authority on Madagascar, and has contributed greatly to the literature of the subject under the nom de plume of 'Vasaka.' His book is a history of the country for the five years during which time he was a resident."

H. H. STATHAM.

ARCHITECTURE FOR GENERAL READERS:

A short Treatise on the Principles and Motives of Architectural Design. With a Historical Sketch by H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM, Editor of the *Builder*. With 290 Illustrations drawn by the Author. Large crown 8vo, 12s. [Next week.]

CHARLES G. HARPER.

THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD AND ITS TRIBU-

TARIES TO-DAY AND IN DAYS OF OLD. By CHARLES G. HARPER, Author of "The Marches of Wales," "The Brighton Road," &c. With 85 Illustrations from Drawings by the Author, and from old-time prints. Demy 8vo, 16s.

The *Times* says:—"A picturesque survey. . . full of interesting matter, and well illustrated. . . this famous highway, so rich in historical, personal, and local associations."

MRS. FULLER MAITLAND.

PAGES FROM THE DAY-BOOK OF BETHIA

HARDACRE. By ELLA FULLER MAITLAND. Crown 8vo. [Next week.]

"Records of the annals of a quiet and contemplative life."

A NEW NOVEL BY HAMILTON AIDÉ.

ELIZABETH'S PRETENDERS. By HAMILTON

AIDÉ. Crown 8vo, 6s. [This day.]

"A Novel of modern life, by the well-known author of 'Rita.'"

CHAPMAN & HALL, LIMITED, LONDON.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS BOOKS.

WILLIAM THE SILENT, PRINCE OF

ORANGE, the Moderate Man of the Sixteenth Century. The Story of his Life as told in his own Letters, in those of his Friends and his Enemies, and from Official Documents. By RUTH PUTNAM. 2 vols. 8vo, fully illustrated, cloth extra, 15s.

"HEROES OF THE NATIONS" SERIES.

Edited by EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Illustrated with numerous full-page Plates and Maps, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 5s.; roxburgh, 6s.

NEW VOLUMES.

LOUIS XIV., AND THE ZENITH OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY. By ARTHUR HASSALL, M.A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

JULIAN THE PHILOSOPHER, AND THE LAST STRUGGLE OF PAGANISM AGAINST CHRISTIANITY. By ALICE GARDNER, Lecturer and Associate at Newnham College, Cambridge.

"Prospectus of the series on application."

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

THE LAW OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. A Working Hypothesis for the Systematic Study of Hypnotism, Spiritism, Mental Therapeutics, &c. By THOMAS JAY HUDSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

THE ARTHURIAN EPIC. A Comparative Study of the Cambrian, Breton, and Anglo-Norman Versions of the Story, and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." By S. HUMPHREYS GURTEEN, M.A., LL.B. 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

THE FIRST NAPOLEON. By JOHN CODMAN ROPES, F.R.H.S., &c., Author of "The Story of the Civil War" and "The Campaign of Waterloo." Maps and Portrait. New Edition. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.

HISTORIC DOUBTS RELATIVE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. A new and attractive edition of this famous monograph. 12mo, cloth, 3s.

24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, LONDON; AND NEW YORK.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S LIST.

AUTHORIZED EDITION.

Now Ready.

SONYA KOVALEVSKY.

A Biography, by ANNA CARLOTTA LEFFLER (Duchess of Cajanello); and SISTERS RAJEVSKY, being An Account of Her Life, by SONYA KOVALEVSKY. Translated by A. DE FURUHJELM and A. M. CLIVE BAYLEY, and with Biographical Note by LILY WOLFSOLM. Demy 8vo, cloth.

THE ALPINE BOOK OF THE SEASON.

Second Edition now ready.

MY CLIMBS IN THE ALPS AND CAUCASUS.

By A. F. MUMMERY. 32 Illustrations, with full-page Lithograph Plates and Photogravures. Cloth, 21s. net.

* The First Edition was entirely sold out prior to publication. The Fine Edition (at £5 5s. net) is also completely sold out.

"It is one of the most amusing and thrilling narratives that has ever passed through our hands. It is hackneyed praise to say of a work that there is not a dull page in it. Of this book we may almost say that it does not contain a dull sentence."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"It is admirable reading. . . . You may open the pages where you please and go straight ahead. In a few moments you are likely to be holding on to your chair for safety."—Sir W. M. CONWAY in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

SOME ANCIENT ENGLISH HOMES, and

their Associations: Personal, Archaeological, and Historic. By E. HODGES. With Illustrations by S. J. Loxton. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

"Interesting and entertaining."—*Times*.

MATABELELAND, and How We Got It.

By Captain CHAS. L. NORRIS NEWMAN, Author of "In Zululand with the British," &c., with Map and Plans. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

HALF-CROWN NOVELS.

1. A GENDER IN SATIN. By RITA.

"The story reaches a high level of excellence. . . . An extremely readable production, and is quite a departure from the author's usual method."—*Whitehall Review*.

2. THE MAKING OF MARY. By JEAN FORSYTH.

[Just ready.]

TALES OF BURMAH.

TOLD ON THE PAGODA. By MIMOSA. Fine

Photogravure and other Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d. [Ready.]

The New Volume of "The Story of the Nations."

VEDIC INDIA. By ZENAIDE A. RAGOZIN,

Author of "Chaldaea," &c. Maps, Index, and many Illustrations cloth, 5s.

"STARTLING, UNIQUE, SPLENDID."

"T. P." in *The Sunday Sun*.

ALMAYER'S FOLLY:

A STORY OF AN EASTERN RIVER.

By JOSEPH CONRAD. Cloth, 6s.

Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY says:—"I have read the book with the deepest interest, and with something very like unmingled admiration. . . . The power of the book is not a matter of criticism, it is a matter of fact."

The New Budget says:—"Almayer's Folly" is exquisitely written. . . . Is a book apart."

The Athenaeum says:—"Almayer's Folly" is a genuine piece of work."

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & CO.'S LIST.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION.

ENGLISH SEAMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY:

Lectures delivered at Oxford, Easter Terms, 1893-4.

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE,
Late Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.
Cabinet Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SILVER LIBRARY.—New Volume.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA, and Other Essays.

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

Contents:—1. Spanish Story of the Armada.—2. Antonio Perez: an Unsolved Historical Riddle.—3. Saint Teresa.—4. The Templars.—5. The Norway Fjords.—6. Norway Once More.

With 3 Maps, 8vo, 12s.

THE TRIBAL SYSTEM IN WALES:

Being Part of an Inquiry into the Structure and Methods of Tribal Society.

By FREDERIC SEEBOHM, LL.D., F.S.A.,
Author of "The English Village Community," &c.

Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE TENTH MUSE,

And other Poems.

By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., Author of "The Light of Asia," &c.

2 vols., crown 8vo, 10s.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF LORD BRASSEY, K.C.B., D.C.L.

From 1862 to 1894.

Arranged and Edited by Captain S. EARDLEY-WILMOT.
With Maps and Charts.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

FALLACIES OF RACE THEORIES AS APPLIED TO NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS

Essays by WILLIAM DALTON BABINGTON, M.A.

With Portrait, crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

SELECTED ESSAYS OF JAMES DARMESTER.

The Translations from the French by HELEN B. JASTROW.

Edited, with an Introductory Memoir, by MORRIS JASTROW, Junior, Professor in the University of Pennsylvania.

Contents:—The Supreme God in the Indo-European Mythology—Ernest Renan—The Religions of the Future—An Essay on the History of the Jews—Afghan Life in Afghan Songs—Race and Tradition—The Prophets of Israel.

Fcap. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

GARDENING A LA MODE.—VEGETABLES.

By Mrs. DE SALIS.

Authoress of the "A la Mode" Series of Cookery Books, &c.

With 12 Illustrations by Philip Burne-Jones.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE YOUNG PRETENDERS.

A Story of Child Life.

By EDITH H. FOWLER.

"Miss Fowler's book is an exquisite study of child life. . . . The authoress's reticence and delicate knack of suggestiveness are among the finest characteristics of her work."—*Daily News*.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY BABY."

Crown 8vo, 6s.

AN ARRANGED MARRIAGE.

By DOROTHEA GERARD.

"The author is one of the most pleasing novelists of the day, and has at the same time made for herself a place apart. . . . Here we have everyday life cleverly portrayed. . . . and enter one of those social regions in the description of which Miss Gerard is unrivalled."—*Morning Post*.

LONDON AND NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

THE

SHORTHAND STANDARD REVIEW

The Identical Magazine for Journalists and Shorthand Writers.

JUNE 1895. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

MANXLAND.

VEHICLES FOR THOUGHT RECORDING.

CRUELTY TO COLLIERY HORSES.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

A KNOWLEDGE OF SHORTHAND. By F. G. DAWDNEY and A. W. PATON.

EDUCATION UNDER THE COUNTY COUNCIL. By J. JOHNSON LEAK.

SIDE LIGHTS ON JOURNALISM. Part I. By L. CROSDALE.

THE CHANGED BODY. By ANNIE WOOD.

TWENTY-FOUR O'CLOCK. By E. REYNOLDS BELL.

BEFORE THE "FIRST" BOOK. By H. CARLYON.

A MORAL VICTORY: Chap. I. By L. CROSDALE.

THE KAISER'S SHORTHAND MAN, &c. &c. By C. D. LOCCOCK, B.A., Oxon.

LONDON: JOHN HEYWOOD, 2 AMEN CORNER, E.C.

And of all Booksellers, &c.

Copy sent, post free, for 1s. 1d. from the EDITOR, 24 Angus Street, Roath Park, Cardiff.

MURRAY'S HANDBOOKS.

Mr. Murray begs to call attention to the "Index and Directory" with which his Handbooks are supplied. These contain all information as to Hotels, Conveyances, &c., and are constantly kept up to date, so that purchasers of his Guide-Books are always supplied with the very latest information.

EUROPEAN HANDBOOKS FOR SUMMER TRAVEL.

FRANCE, Part I.: NORMANDY, BRITTANY, THE SEINE AND LOIRE, BORDEAUX, THE PYRENEES, &c. 36 Maps and Plans. 7s. 6d.

FRANCE, Part II.: CENTRAL FRANCE, AUVERGNE, THE CEVENNES, BURGUNDY, THE RHONE AND SAONE, PROVENCE, MARSEILLES, ALSACE-LORRAINE, CHAMPAGNE, &c. 23 Maps and Plans. 7s. 6d.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM. 18 Maps and Plans. 6s.

DENMARK AND ICELAND, SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, COPENHAGEN, JUTLAND, and ICELAND. Maps and Plans. 7s. 6d.

SWEDEN, STOCKHOLM, UPSALA, GOTHENBURG, THE SHORES OF THE BALTIC, &c. Maps and Plans. 6s.

NORWAY, CHRISTIANIA, BERGEN, TRONDHJEM, THE FJELDS AND FJORDS. With special information for Fishermen and Cyclists. By T. MICHELL, C.B., H.B.M., Consul-General for Norway. Maps and Plans. 7s. 6d.

RUSSIA, ST. PETERSBURG, MOSCOW, FINLAND, CRIMEA, CAUCASUS, &c. Edited by T. MICHELL, C.B., H.B.M. Consul-General for Norway. Maps and Plans. 18s.

THE RHINE AND NORTH GERMANY, THE BLACK FOREST, THE HARTZ, SAXON SWITZERLAND, THE GIANT MOUNTAINS, ELSSASS, and LOTHRINGEN. 82 Maps and Plans. 10s.

SOUTH GERMANY, AUSTRIA, TYROL, WURTEMBERG, BAVARIA, SALZBURG, STYRIA, HUNGARY, and THE DANUBE, FROM ULM TO THE BLACK SEA. Two Parts. 34 Map and Plans. Part I. 7s. 6d.; Part II. 6s.

SWITZERLAND, ALPS OF SAVOY AND PIEDMONT, ITALIAN LAKES, AND PART OF DAUPHINÉ. Maps. Two Parts.

Part I. : THE BERNESE OBERLAND, GENEVA, LUCERNE, ENGADINE, &c. 6s.

Part II. : THE ALPS OF SAVOY AND PIEDMONT, ITALIAN LAKES AND PART OF DAUPHINÉ. 6s.

NORTH ITALY AND VENICE, TURIN, MILAN, THE ITALIAN LAKES, VERONA, PADUA, VENICE, GENOA, &c. Edited by H. W. PULLEN, M.A., Author of "Dame Europa's School." With 34 Maps and Plans. 10s.

CENTRAL ITALY AND FLORENCE, TUSCANY, UMBRIA, THE MARCHES, &c. Edited by H. W. PULLEN, M.A. With 24 Maps and Plans. 6s.

HANDBOOK for INDIA, CEYLON, and BURMA: including the Provinces of Bengal, Bombay, and Madras (the Punjab, North-West Provinces, Rajputana, the Central Provinces, Mysore, &c.), the Native States, and Assam. With 55 Maps and Plans of Towns and Buildings, and a New Chapter on Cashmere. Post 8vo, 20s.

"Of the general arrangement of the book, and the skill with which an immense mass of interesting and valuable material has been crowded into a small space, it would be difficult to speak too highly."—*St. James's Gazette*.

"We have no fault to find with the new volume. One of the most praiseworthy features of the book is the unusually ample supply of excellent maps and plans."—*Speaker*.

"No visitor to India should start without a 'Murray.'"—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

HANDBOOK for JAPAN. Fourth Edition. By BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN and W. B. MASON. With Maps and Plans, 15s. net.

HANDBOOK for NEW ZEALAND, Auckland, Wellington, The Hot Lakes District, Wanganui, Christ Church, Dunedin, The West Coast Road, The Cold Lakes, The Sounds, &c. By F. W. PENNEFATHER, LL.D. Maps and Plans, post 8vo, 7s. 6d.

"We have naught but praise for Murray's 'Handbook for New Zealand.'"—*Athenæum*.

"The book is in every way worthy of the publishers and the country concerned."—*British Australasian*.

"A book which is now easily first as a trustworthy guide to the finest of the colonies of the Empire."—*Spectator*.

ENGLISH HANDBOOKS.

HANDBOOK for ENGLAND and WALES. Arranged Alphabetically, with List of Railway Stations, Hotels, and all Places and Objects worth seeing. 1 vol., Maps, 12s.

HANDBOOK for SCOTLAND. Thoroughly Revised, with Special Detailed Information for Pedestrians, and entirely new Maps. Printed on specially thin and light paper. 9s.

"In spite of the enterprise devoted to the production of guide-books in the past fifteen years, Murray's Handbooks still maintain their place as *facile princeps*, and of all, this Guide to Scotland is the high-water mark of guide-book excellence for tourists of intelligence."—*Observer*.

HANDBOOK for HERTFORDSHIRE, BEDFORDSHIRE, and HUNTINGDONSHIRE. An entirely New Work. With 10 Maps and Plans, 7s. 6d.

"The appearance of a new 'Murray' is always a subject for congratulation; the well-known cover seems to suggest in the most obvious and natural manner a red-letter day. It is now almost sixty years since John Murray the second, after several years of travel and research, wrote and published the first of the celebrated guide-books which have since smoothed the way for millions of travellers and tourists, and provoked an army of imitators."—*National Observer*.

"Now that Saturday half-holiday excursions are, happily, so much in vogue, Londoners may in this book find a delightful guide to many places of quite easy access, where they will feel as rural as though 'five hundred miles from town.' The number of interesting places full of delightful memories in these three little counties will fairly astonish not a few readers. The maps are good enough for either pedestrians or bicyclists."—*Daily Chronicle*.

EASTERN COUNTIES: Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridge. 12s.

KENT. 7s. 6d.

SUSSEX. 6s.

SURREY, HANTS, and the ISLE of WIGHT. 10s.

OXFORDSHIRE, Oxford with its Colleges, Blenheim, and the Thames. 6s.

WILTS, DORSET and SOMERSET. 12s.

CORNWALL, PENZANCE, FALMOUTH, The LIZARD, LAND'S END, &c. 6s.

WORCESTER and HEREFORD. 5s.

GLOUCESTER. [Nearly ready.]

DEVON. 7s. 6d.

NORTH WALES. 6s.

SOUTH WALES. 6s.

NORTHAMPTON and RUTLAND. 7s. 6d.

DERBY, NOTTS, LEICESTER, and STAFFORD. 9s.

SHROPSHIRE and CHESHIRE. 6s.

LANCASHIRE. 6s.

YORKSHIRE. 12s.

LINCOLNSHIRE. 7s. 6d.

DURHAM and NORTHUMBERLAND. 10s.

The LAKE DISTRICT of WESTMORELAND and CUMBERLAND. 6s.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO., at 14 Tavistock Street, and Published by ALFRED CUTHBERT DAVIES at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 15 June, 1895.

of

XUM